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Volume CXCIV No. 2529 The SPHERE, London, July 24, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE GARTER SERVICE AT WINDSOR—THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND OTHER ROYAL MEMBERS OF THE ORDER LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING ON THE 600TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER: The Service took place last Sunday afternoon, and was preceded by the installation of Earl Mountbatten of Burma

The Order of the Garter, that most illustrious and ancient of Orders, was instituted by King Edward III in 1348. On St. George's Day, three months ago, it may be remembered, there was a great service of installation at Windsor, and last Sunday there was a second Service, when the King and Queen were again present with the knights and officers in their robes. An address was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and immediately before the Service, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who was unable to attend the installation in April, was installed with due ceremony, joining Lord Montgomery and Lord Alexander among the other distinguished fighting men who have been honoured. This time there was no procession through the Castle and the inner wards, but the ceremonial within the Chapel was no less impressive than in April. As the King entered the Chapel, accompanied by the Queen in her robes as a Lady of the Order, a fanfare was sounded by trumpeters of the Household Cavalry

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Between Now and September.—Between now and September is . . . holiday-time. It is also the season for World War. "Scrutator" put it baldly in the *Sunday Times* on July 18. The sickening technique of the Hohenzollerns and of Hitler has been exactly followed by Stalin. You and I in late middle age have "seen it happen" thrice already, in 1914, 1938, 1939. We are half through the preliminaries again in 1948. The aggressor has only to "fix" the *casus belli*, to force us to declare war on him. Meanwhile he is rushing on his harvest. There are only three "possibilities": (1) we quit Berlin; (2) Russia lifts the blockade; (3) World War III. We have ruled out (1). Russia has ruled out (2). As at present advised, *World War remains*, unless we or Russia change our minds on (1) or (2). Are you *quite ready*? Is your mind calmly harnessed to the routine of World War III to be carried out in the familiar technique (greatly stepped up) of '39-'45, in the *same old place* perhaps. You and I, of course, and the other 1,000,000,000 can do *nothing whatever to avert it* with the best will in the world. *Between now and September*, it will come, or it won't. Between now and September is holiday-time. What are you preparing for—the seaside or Civil Defence? Civil Defence is rather lagging. The Government is more concerned with nationalising steel and the next election. We take our cue from them. Come, let us pooh-pooh that unpleasant idea that history repeats itself. War, my foot. Something will turn up. Let us order swim-suit and cartridges (sporting) as in '14, '38, '39.

Prospice.—What keeps us sane despite the daily catalogue of calamity which is dinned into our ears? It is not exactly Hope, for in truth we have in the past quarter-century exploded Hope. For 2,000 years (and doubtless much longer) men have prayed for peace and security, and to-day, after all our sufferings and all the bitter lessons, it is farther away than ever it was. In the state of the world to-day as revealed in the Press, only an innocent lunatic, an amiable idiot, surely, could seriously concern himself with his career, his garden bulbs or the issue of a cricket match. Yet it is our ability to continue to attach importance to these tremendous trifles that helps us to remain outside the asylum walls. What, then, is it that keeps us from final despair, now that the larger hope of humanity is exploded? It is not so much Hope as obstinacy, it is faith in ourselves as individuals rather than as a flock, it is the calm sanity which comes to a condemned man who has abandoned all hope of reprieve and meets his end with dignity and without fret. It is expressed by Browning in his *Prospice*:—

> "For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave.
> The black minute 's at end,
> And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
> Shall dwindle, shall blend.
> Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy. . . ."

That *je-ne-sais-quoi* no doubt impels us to drive on in Berlin to-day in the face of the odds and to post our bulb-catalogue orders against the next and dubious spring, which lies beyond the iron curtain of human fate.

Counting the Cost.—Is it that as a race we *always* live from day to day and never think out the implications of what lies ahead; or is it that the worries of these days are more than enough to preclude anticipating to-morrow? Whatever the cause, it is now clear that all over the country men and women are *for the first time* realising what the great Insurance Scheme means to their pockets every week. And, realising it, they are "up in arms," some of them. These are the sort of things they say: "But *our* children are healthy—we take care of them They don't need doctors." "We are being asked to pay what we can't possibly afford, to safeguard the imprudent, the feckless, the reckless, the ne'er-do-weels." If one points out to them that the scheme promises to safeguard them from all chances and ills from cradle to the grave, they reply that the contribution required of them will bring them to the grave quick enough—from starvation (on their *present* rate of wages). If one argues that naturally the scheme is designed to protect the weak, the imprudent and the feckless, they say "But that is bringing us all down to the lower level—the level of incapables." To which there are two possible answers: (1) the "I told you so. You should have thought of this when you voted for State Socialism"; (2) the surrender to polite blackmail. "I will raise your wages by the increase involved in your share of the premium, rather than go through the agony of another change of gardener, cook or what-not." And in many—how many!—cases, I fear, the employer will assume the entire burden. Perhaps that is what is intended.

A Year of Coal Nationalisation.—It is not surprising if Lord Hyndley's first annual report is defensive, is hedging and hedged, and ends on a note of interrogation. He might indeed have dressed his shop-window less dolefully, so as to make it harder for the opponents of nationalisation to pick out that figure of minus £23,500,000. A great part of this loss is accountable to the service of loans and to compensation to owners, and to paying for foreign coal imported during the crisis. The argument that most of the loss would have been met under private enterprise by refusing to pay dividends on the ordinary stock would be an odd one if Lord Hyndley spoke as a propagandist-Socialist! And, anyway, the argument that the public will not be asked to stand the loss is specious. The public is burning its slender supply of coal in its grate at a cost so ruinous that it can hardly take comfort from the hope that further effort by the industry will soon wipe off the actual loss attributable to strict working. Only this levy on the public (in the exorbitant price charged for dirty coal) has enabled the industry to produce coal at the loss of merely 1s. a ton (against a profit of nearly 2s. a ton in 1946). The "only hope lies in the full co-operation of everyone in the industry," and, ending on that large hope, the trustees for the public certainly paint a pretty doleful picture. But the Board, it is fair to say, was not responsible for the decision to launch the scheme half-baked.

Statutory Training—A Navy Case.—I was talking with a friend at Lord's last week about the military Service training of our boys, both due to be called in the near future. My friend gave me instances of the utter boredom and frequent idleness which characterised some of the military training centres, and I was confirmed in an opinion long held that, if conditions allowed, I should greatly prefer a naval training for my own son. Within two days of that conversation, a case was brought to my notice which seemed to cry for ventilation and possibly for drastic disciplinary action and reform. This is of a normal public-school boy, whose father had been attracted by the fair promises of "healthy, open-air life" offered in Navy recruiting literature, and chose the Navy for his son's training. The boy was just turned eighteen when he was called up, soon after he had begun studying for the legal profession. In his case, almost every clause in the agreement implicit between the State and the citizen appears to have been broken. The boy has been kept in the Service already for two-and-a-half years, to the detriment of his professional training. He has led throughout an aimless, often squalid existence, without supervision, care or concern for his health, and practically without training. Here follows his outraged father's statistical record of his boy's Service training: the dates and details have been checked with all possible care. "*History of Service in Navy.* (1) 1946, *Jan.* 14. Joined Training Camp at Skegness. Told he would be a Sick Berth Attendant. Asked if he could not be an Ordinary Seaman: told he could apply for this at his next Camp. (2) 1946, *Jan.* 28. Moved to Glendower Camp, Wales. Asked to be Ordinary Seaman. Told he should have arranged this at Skegness, and would now have to wait until his next move. Underwent weapon training and physical training, the last healthy disciplinary training he was to have in the Service. (3) 1946, *March* 28. Transferred as Sick Berth Attendant to Hospital at Plymouth. Told it was too late to be Ordinary Seaman; should have arranged at previous places. (4) 1946, *July* 26 (*approx.*). Transferred without notice to work as Telephonist in Exchange in Plymouth. Told to live out and find own accommodation. As a boy of eighteen-and-a-half years, he had to walk the streets to find himself accommodation. Could get no lodgings and slept for some nights at Toc H, having to pack up his few belongings each morning not knowing whether he could get a bed again that night. All his meals had to be got at canteens. When his mother and father learnt the circumstances they rushed down to Plymouth immediately and found him the barest accommodation, and this at a price which considerably exceeded the official allowance made to him for the purpose. (5) 1946, *Sept.* 1 (*approx.*). Transferred as Sick Berth Attendant to small vessel on quayside at Devonport, and was on this vessel and another similar one for several months. At one time one of the vessels was anchored about 50 yards from the quay, and 300 yards is the farthest he has ever got to sea. The vessels were half-manned, awaiting paying off. There was no ship's life, no parades, no drill. The time was one of boredom and inactivity. (6) Then followed (from Feb. 1, 1947) a long period (thirteen months) back at the Hospital, with no less than six months of attendance in a ward for consumptive patients. (7) Lastly, on March 20, 1948, he was attached as a Sick Berth Attendant to the Commando School at Bickleigh, where he now is. This detachment from the Hospital is made an excuse for postponing his release with his Group."

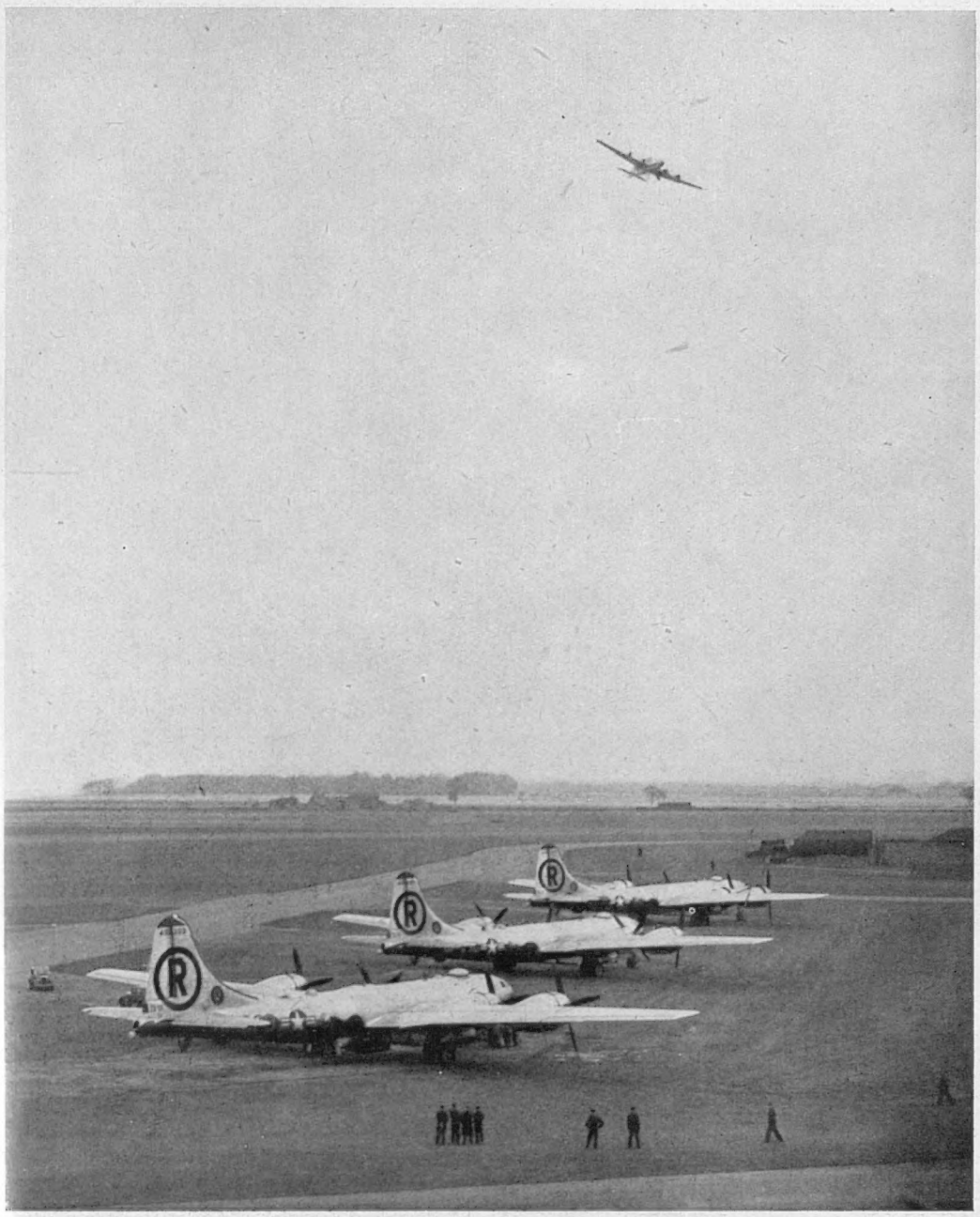
Urgent Need for Investigation.—There are two sides to every issue, and justice requires that both should be made available and examined before a verdict is reached, and no doubt in "due course" the Admiralty will state its case. But what happens at the start in this case? The same which under modern Government methods—with Minister down to minor bureaucrat—happens too often. No human sympathy is revealed, no *prima facie* cause for a swift and thorough examination is even vaguely admitted, no possibility of error is conceded by Authority. *Nothing* but the cold, calculated strokes of an inhuman State-machine. The father wrote to the Admiralty on June 30, and received a printed acknowledgment slip. A week later he wrote again in more detail on the lines quoted above. He then received a reply which merely stated that the boy had been retained beyond his time under the Military Necessity clause, and might perhaps be released early in August. A detailed reply to the complaints was promised "in due course." Now quite apart from the charges of neglect, waste, lack of organisation, breach of faith and unjustified victimisation inherent in the charges made, this parent's letter positively cried out for a "human" reply by return post, promising instant examination and, if found to be called for, instant relief and an apology for any error of organisation disclosed. For the *bona fides* of the parent and boy were beyond doubt. Is it to be wondered at if modern bureaucracy is sweepingly condemned; if more and more citizens come every day to realise that the modern State requires of every citizen that he hand over himself and all he holds dear to a machine which is a Moloch, a machine which all too often *does not even work*. After two and a half years, this boy, whose health is A1 and who begged to be trained as a combatant, is of no more use to his country in its hour of danger than a raw recruit. The case, I am sure, will not end here, nor will it peter out. It is up to every parent with a young son, to see to it by every means available that it comes to judgment, and in "open Court."

U.S. INFANTRY GET A NEW GUN—FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF, INSPECTING THE NEW AMERICAN 57-MM. RECOIL-LESS RIFLE: The weapon is designed essentially for infantry, and is described as a hand-carried piece of artillery for a detachment of two men. It was demonstrated to Lord Montgomery at a British training camp 6,000 ft. up in the Austrian mountains, where British and American troops held joint exercises on the occasion of his recent European visit

APOLOGY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

My secretary is staggering (or perhaps reeling) her holiday, and I am behind-hand in acknowledging the unusually large number of letters I have received in the past ten days. I ask correspondents, whose letters always interest me and invariably receive a reply normally, to make allowances.

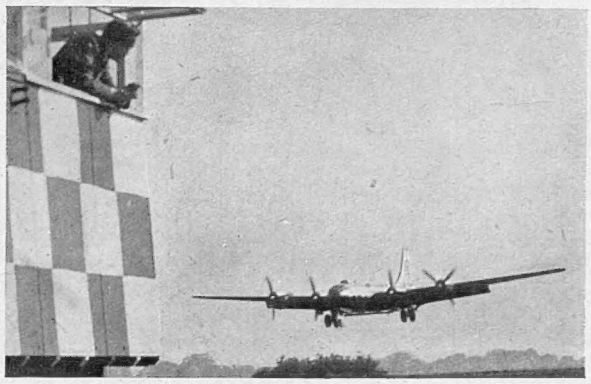
THE OLD STAGER



LINCOLNSHIRE HEARS ONCE AGAIN THE DRONE OF THE AMERICAN BOMBERS : Three Superforts on the airfield at Scampton and another machine circling before coming in to land. Accompanying the Superforts were Skymaster transports carrying ground crews, spare pilots, navigators, and, of course, spare equipment. According to present arrangements the Superforts will remain in England for several weeks, carrying out training, and they will afterwards leave for Germany

The SUPERFORTS TOUCH DOWN

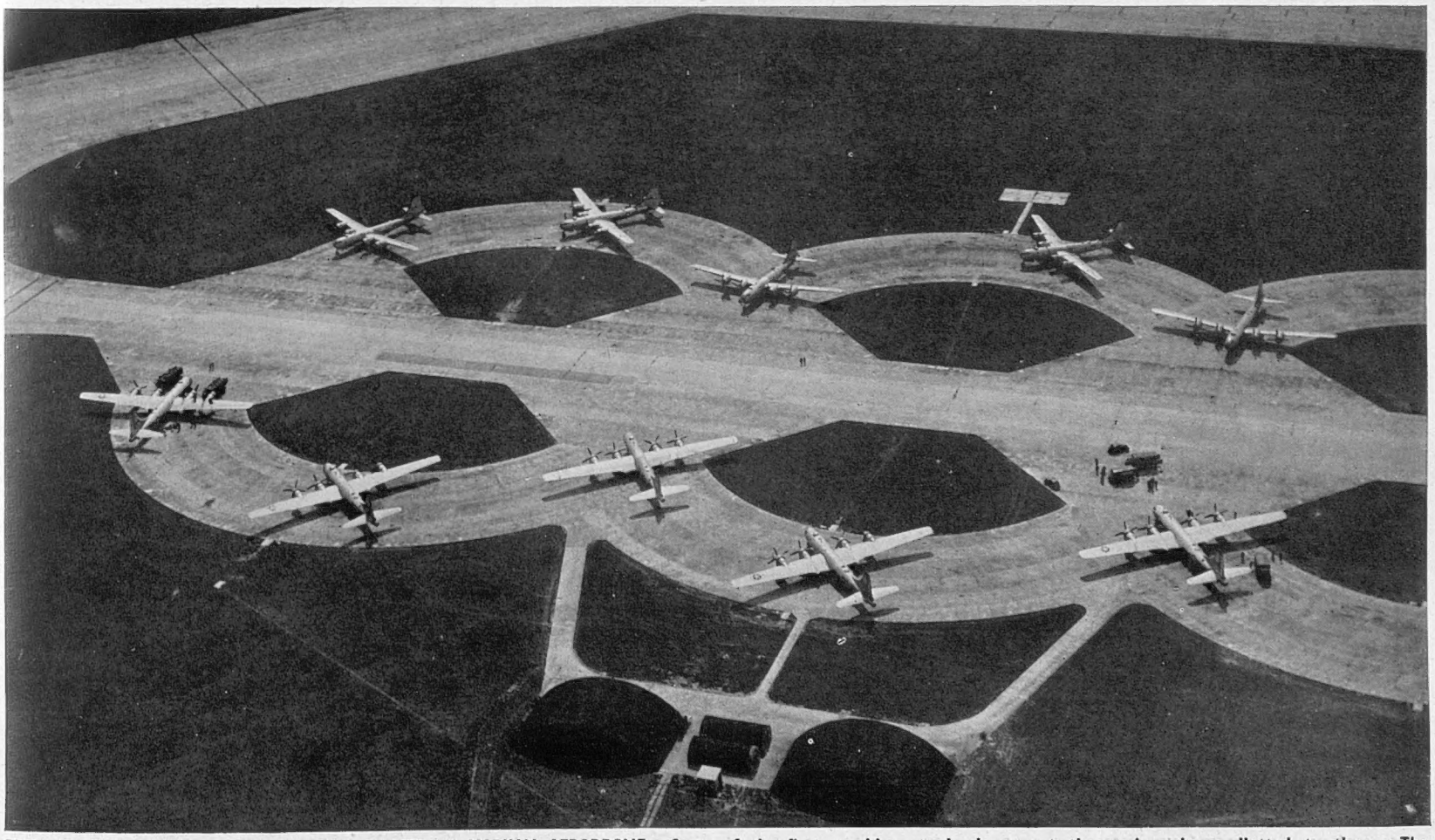
Over Fifty American Bombers Land in East Anglia



THE FIRST OF THE SUPERFORTS ABOUT TO LAND AT SCAMPTON : An American bomber, which was accompanied to England by fifty-seven others, arriving from Goose Bay, Labrador

THE R.A.F. AND THE U.S.A.A.F. MEET AT SCAMPTON : Colonel John B. Henry (second from left), the commander of the thirty machines in No. 28 Group, seen with Air Vice-Marshal Guest (centre), Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Group, Bomber Command, after the Americans had landed. On the right is Lieut.-Col. Dawes, also of the U.S.A.A.F., and on the left is Flight-Lieut. Owen R.A.F., who acted as the second pilot on the flight

Last week-end the American invasion of East Anglia took place ; within a few hours, 700 airmen landed at Scampton and 500 at Marham. The remaining 300 men arrived at Waddington. The fifty-eight bombers are said to be engaged upon a routine flight. "Long-range training flights are nothing unusual to us," said Colonel Wray, Lieut.-General Le May's representative, "and sometimes we stay away as much as thirty days on this kind of exercise"



TEN SUPERFORTRESSES AT THE DISPERSAL POINTS ON MARHAM AERODROME : Some of the first machines to land seen at the various bays allotted to them. The machines at Marham belong to the 307th Group from Tampa, Florida. Those at Scampton belong to the 28th Group, from Rapid City, South Dakota

10,000 COMMUNISTS MARCH IN ROME

What Happened After the Attempted Assassination of Signor Togliatti

Signor de Gasperi, Italy's Premier, declared after the attempt upon the life of Signor Togliatti, the Communist leader, "it is a criminal outrage which arouses the horror and indignation of all Italians." From the Vatican came similar words of indignation, and from the workers of Italy, particularly the ardent Communist supporters of the industrial North, there came demonstrations against the Government. In Milan work stopped in all factories and offices, and in many of the cities police had to fire into the air in order to disperse hostile demonstrations. Least concerned of all was the Sicilian student Pallante, who was responsible for the crime and who claims that he acted spontaneously of his own free will because he regarded Togliatti as the "enemy of his country." Signor Togliatti, who was operated upon in the Policlinico Hospital, showed signs of recovery last week-end, and it was reported that he had stood up well to "abundant transfusions." Among the first visitors to his bedside was Signor de Gasperi.

ROMAN COMMUNISTS MARCH INTO THE PIAZZA ESEDRA: One of the demonstrations which took place in the capital, and also throughout Italy, following the attempt by a Sicilian youth on the life of Signor Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader

SIGNOR TOGLIATTI IS RUSHED TO HOSPITAL: The wounded Communist leader being placed in an ambulance after the attempt on his life outside the Montecitorio Parliament building. His assailant, a law student from Sicily, stated that he came to Rome with the express purpose of killing Signor Togliatti, "the enemy of his country"

ANTONIO PALLANTE, THE WOULD-BE MURDERER OF PALMIRO TOGLIATTI: When questioned by the police the young law student declared he had no accomplices

SILENTLY THEY FILED BY THE HOSPITAL WHERE THEIR WOUNDED LEADER LAY: A section of the throng of Communists which came to pay tribute to their leader on the day after the outrage in Rome. In Florence workers downed tools

MASS MEETINGS IN ROME AND MILAN: *Left*—Communists marching to the Piazza Esedra, Rome, and (*on right*) a gathering in Milan. Some of the banners, reflecting the ugly mood of the crowd, called for the resignation of the Government, and one said "Death to the Government which arms assassins"

BUILDING THE NEW 5,000-FT. RUNWAY AT THE TEMPELHOF AIRPORT, IN THE UNITED STATES' SECTOR OF BERLIN : Bulldozers and a steamroller at work laying rubble during the construction of the new airstrip to facilitate the American air-lift into the beleaguered city. Rubble from bombed buildings is being used for the foundations of the landing-strip, and the surface will be of iron plate. This will give the Tempelhof Airport a total of two all-weather runways in addition to one grass runway. At the present rate of progress completion of the strip is expected by the first week in September

PLANNING A BIGGER AND BETTER "AIR LIFT"

The Americans Enlarge the Tempelhof Airport

NIGHT OPERATIONS AT THE TEMPELHOF AIRFIELD : Two bulldozers engaged in levelling operations by the glare of electric lamps. American officials complain that the work is proceeding slowly owing to the lack of bulldozers. Rubble from bombed buildings is also an unsuitable foundation material, but as the best material comes from the Russian Zone, outside Berlin, nothing very effective can be done about the matter

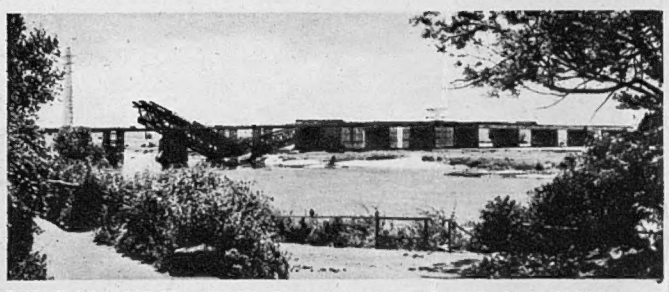
Although General Lucius Clay has indicated that the air-lift to Berlin could only be maintained as a short-term policy, it is none the less significant that the United States authorities have gone ahead with the construction of a new airstrip at Berlin's Tempelhof Airfield—a strip which will increase the capacity of the aerodrome by one-third when it comes into operation in less than six weeks time. Night-and-day-work is proceeding on this construction programme. The rubble brick base of the strip will go to a depth of 18 ins., and already bulldozers are hard at work laying it down and steamrollers are pushing it flat. After the rubble is laid, asphalt will be poured over the surface, and this will finally be topped with steel and lattice strips. An officer in charge of operations declared in a recent interview : "We should have rock instead of battered bricks for this assignment, but the rock comes from the Russian Zone and the Ruskies sure aren't going to donate us any rock for this." Last week the combined British and American air-lift was 486 sorties in one day. The British flew 218 air loads to Gatow and seventeen landings were made by Sunderlands on Havel Lake. The Americans made 251 flights. If the situation remains the same in September it is expected that the air-lift will be on a vastly greater scale. Part of the British effort to increase the lift has been in the organising of the new despatching airfield at Fassberg

FORTY TRUCKS WITH GERMAN DRIVERS ARE BEING EMPLOYED IN COLLECTING RUBBLE FOR THE TEMPELHOF AIRSTRIP : German children are seen watching as the lorries draw up on a bombed site in the city ready for loading by the two Army excavators. In the background on the right a bulldozer is at work

STANDSTILL ON THE RIVER ELBE—BARGES, LOADED WITH GOODS FOR BERLIN, HELD UP ON THEIR WAY FROM HAMBURG BY ORDER OF THE SOVIET MILITARY AUTHORITIES : This picture was taken from one of the Sunderland flying-boats which have been helping in the Berlin "air lift" occasioned by the land-and-water blockade initiated by the Soviet. The water blockade was the first to be instituted, and, long before the rail breakdown at Marienburg, the Red Army authorities were questioning the passes issued to barge-masters. In April of this year the new system of documentation caused complete disruption of barge traffic, and it was reported that 8,000 tons of food destined for Berlin were being held up in Hamburg. Altogether, 1,262 barges licensed for inter-zonal travel remained idle for three weeks. At the beginning of May this "paper war" was resolved, only to begin again during June

"BERLIN: THE STALINGRAD OF GERMAN FREEDOM"

Aspects of the Crisis in its Third Week

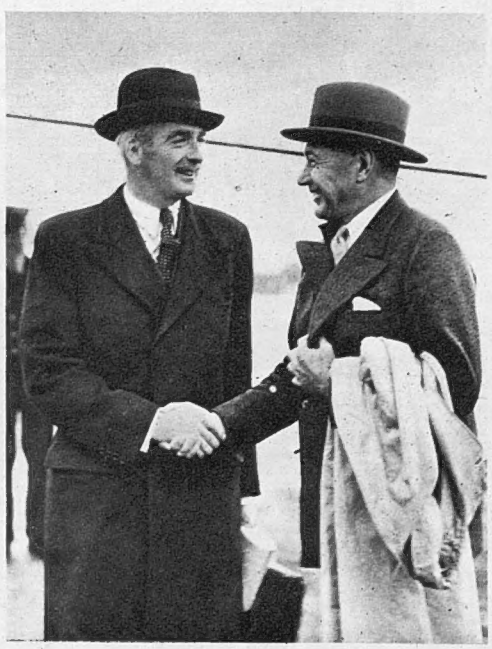


THE ELBE BRIDGE WHICH THE RUSSIANS CLOSED FOR REPAIRS IN JUNE : Beyond the bridge, which was built by the Americans in 1945, is the original bridge destroyed by the retreating Germans at the close of the war. With the American bridge out of action, passengers on the autobahn have had to make a ten-mile diversion to the ferry at Niegripp. As the ferry-boat is motor-less, and lists heavily when loaded to capacity, this crossing cannot be relied upon

THE FERRY WHICH REPLACED THE ELBE BRIDGE : Two Berlin-bound buses being transported across the river by the motor-less ferry-boat at Niegripp. This picture was taken from the Berlin side of the river. On the western shore can be seen a line of traffic waiting its turn to cross

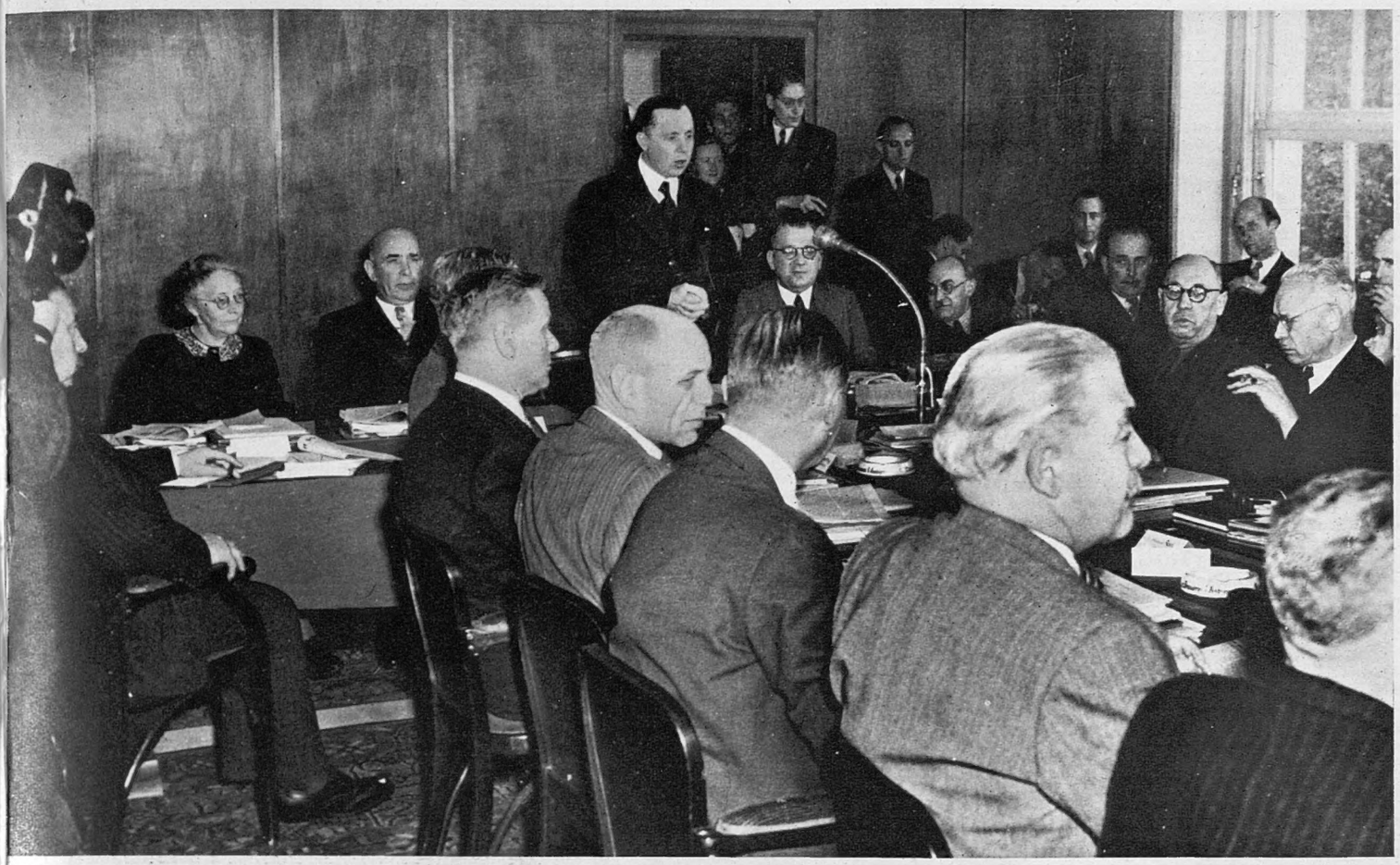
Addressing 30,000 people last week at Schöneberg, in the American sector of Berlin, Professor Ernst Reuter, a prominent member of the Social Democratic Party, described Berlin as the "Stalingrad of German freedom," and said that the "Russian Colossus" would finally be halted there. That is a viewpoint to which tens of thousands of Berliners have subscribed during recent weeks. They have seen the blockade in operation; they have seen the Western Allied air-lift to combat it, and they know that British and American planes are all that lie between them and starvation. At the time of writing, the blockade is tightening and British and American determination is being expressed in more and more air sorties. Pictures on these pages reflect the situation as it is at the moment, when all eyes are centred upon Berlin and the question is "Shall Germany and Europe be irrevocably split?"

JOHN CHIFLEY INSPECTS AIR-LIFT OPERATIONS AT GATOW : The Australian Prime Minister with Group Captain Yarde, Commandant of Gatow Airport, Berlin, making a tour of the receiving end of the supply line



TWO STUDENTS OF THE GERMAN PROBLEM : Mr. Anthony Eden shaking hands with Ambassador Lewis Douglas at Hendon Airport, where they met last week. The Conservative leader was outward-bound for Berlin

BRITAIN'S MILITARY GOVERNOR IN GERMANY PAYS A VISIT TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE : General Sir Brian Robertson in Whitehall, where he saw Mr. Bevin and received fresh instructions in the course of a flying visit. On the following day he was back at his post in Berlin, and it was quite apparent that he would display continuing firmness in the face of the tightening Russian blockade by land and water



THE CONFERENCE OF WESTERN GERMANY'S MINISTER PRESIDENTS—THE PREMIERS IN SESSION AT THE RITTERSTURZ HOTEL, COBLENZ, WHERE THEY DISCUSSED IN DETAIL THE LONDON PROPOSALS FOR THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FUSION OF THE THREE ZONES: The speaker is Herr Peter Altmeier, the Minister President of the Rhineland Palatinate, and on the left is Frau Luise Schroeder, Acting Mayor of Berlin, who was called into consultation by the Premiers. Next to Frau Schroeder is Dr. Steffan, Minister of the Interior, Rhineland Palatinate. With backs to the camera are delegates of Hamburg and Lower Saxony

The meeting of the West German Premiers at Coblenz was significant in that it produced an assurance that "the door will be kept open to the East." The Minister President of the Rhineland Palatinate, who led the conference, reinforced these words with the statement that "we are going to build a new house for all Germans," and the presence of Frau Schroeder from Berlin was a clear enough indication of this trend towards unity. Apart from this main trend, however, the conference was full of complexities, and although the West German Premiers see clearly enough the necessity for the economic fusion of the British, American and French Zones, they are clearly not happy about the future of the West. Without sovereignty they visualise no constitution with any real meaning, and most of the Premiers feel that this is not the moment to hold out to the people illusions of freedom and liberty. They agree that elections should be held for a constituent assembly, but they do not want the new Government of the West to control foreign policy.

A SIGHTSEEING TRIP ON THE HAVEL LAKE: General Sir Brian Robertson, General Marshall-Cornwall, and Group Captain Yarde, of Gatow Airport, journeying out across the Havel Lake, between Charlottenburg and Potsdam, to greet the arrival of a supply-carrying Sunderland. In one day Sunderlands made sixteen landings on the lake. At the time of writing, the Russians have not protested against the use of the lake

THE VOICE OF THE WEST: Wilhelm Knothe, chairman of the Social Democrats of Southern Hesse, gesticulating as he addresses a crowd of between 3,000 and 4,000 in the Roemerberg Square, Frankfurt. Knothe attacked Russia for its blockade of Berlin. "The struggle for Berlin is the struggle for the whole of Germany and for the peace of the world," he said. He demanded that the people responsible should face trial before an international tribunal

THE DANUBE: EUROPE'S STOPPED ARTERY

Upon Its Famed Waters a Trickle of Barges

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN we picture to ourselves the sweeping interruption of all forms of trade and human activity which the Iron Curtain has brought to Europe, we seldom think of the Danube. Yet the Danube, which once was Europe's greatest waterway and still is the major trade route between east and west, has been a ligated grand artery for three solid years. Any circulation has been fitful and slight.

Where men continued to use this natural international waterway through all the wars and confusions of the Dark Ages, of all the ages, we enlightened ones have largely succeeded in denying ourselves any sort of Danube, blue, grey or brown. Our proud product is The Idle Danube.

There rolls the river so oft hymned by poets, sung by composers, lauded by economists, and upon it a trickle of barges, tugs and steamers down all its mighty navigable length from Regensburg or Passau to Constanza. Only its intermittent beauty registers as of old, being beyond our reach.

A year ago I went out of my way to see the source of the Danube. The birth of great rivers fascinates. Near or on the Ballon d'Alsace, the Moselle springs from a rock by the roadside. You can drink the Moselle at source, although it's a wet business. You cannot do as much with the Danube in the Black Forest, but you may see it as the prettiest of meandering rivulets at Donauschlingen —and think of it down at the other end, as a great, broad, muddy (if shallower) Mississippi swirling into the Black Sea.

And you may think of the capitals and countrysides between, and of the life, interdependence and prosperity which the Danube used to mean to them.

Before the war, the total traffic on this European Old Man River touched the vicinity of 3,500,000 tons. To-day, I doubt if it be 350,000 tons, and this at a time when the need was never greater, owing to the continued hold-up of the Central European railway system and the poverty of the roads in wake of the most destructive of wars.

Is life now to be given back to The Idle Danube?

One would be a bold prophet to assert as much. All that can be said is that a conference is due to start somewhere on July 30 with the avowed purpose of seeking a solution to the problems which have prevented the usage of this great trade artery. That is something, because the Russians have up till now stalled or obstructed by refusing to countenance even the attendance of Austria, despite the fact that Vienna is history's capital of the Danube, and that over a third of the river's tonnage was loaded or unloaded in Austrian ports before the war!

Austria may now appear in a non-voting capacity among the ten conferees who are: the United States, Britain, France, Russia, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, the Ukraine and Yugoslavia. But will the conference meet in view of the turn of events in Berlin? Doubtful. And if it does meet, where will be the venue? At this writing that also is doubtful.

The meeting-place was to have been Belgrade; but a week before the Cominform branded Tito, Moscow proposed a change to one of the other capitals of the Soviet-bloc Danubian countries. My hunch lies between Budapest and Bucharest, with accent on the former in view of its proximity to Vienna. For this conference to liberate or ideologise the Danube would be very much of a contest for Austria too, and Austrians could hardly fail to be more susceptible to Soviet propaganda blaring a hundred miles away, or less.

Yet what is the fact? Simply that the peace treaties with the Axis satellite-nations called for agreement on free international navigation of the Danube. This represents the case espoused by the West, and, as usual, is poles apart from what the Russians are out to encompass. The Russians want navigation to rest with the riparian countries, nearly all of whom are tightly tied to Moscow either by occupation or agreement of the Kremlin-enforced type.

In plain parlance, Russia wants to rule the Danube through her satellites, and the West says "nothing doing," with none saying it more forcibly than the Americans, who are deep in the Danubian embroglio, not only Marshally but physically.

On the face of things, the Russians hold what might seem to be an unassailable hand. The whole of the Danube, from its far-off mouth up to the Vienna Forest, is under their control, and, to back things up, the bulk of such poor traffic as chugs or slides up and down, consists of craft working for the Red Army, either bringing up supplies to Vienna and Budapest, or taking Russian reparations downstream to the Black Sea.

If possession were the whole of the business, there it is. But there is another side to the story: upstream from Vienna and what lies there politically and materially. That's where the West comes in. In 1945, the Danube fleet split in two and the most powerful half came to the West. How much the Americans still hold in their zone, I cannot be sure about, so slender is our capacity to print important news; but I do not recall their letting any go to the riparian stooges.

Here was the river fleet, as the Germans gradually took it over during the war: Danube Shipping Company (Austrian), 297,000 tons, of 45,000 h.p.; Yugoslavia 270,000 tons, of 28,000 h.p.; Hungary 146,000 tons, of 28,000 h.p.; Rumania 221,000 tons, of 21,000 h.p.; Czechoslovakia 90,000 tons, of 15,000 h.p.; to which was added the German fleet itself, 123,000 tons, of 19,000 h.p.

Half of this fleet fled before the advancing Russians and found refuge in the American Zones of Germany and Austria. Among the concourse of fleeing Danubemen were vessels from all the riparian States, vessels more powerful than any units of the fleet that stayed in the Russian-controlled stretch of the river. So, ever since, the Russians have been scheming to come by the more powerful half of the Danube fleet.

Moscow's policy has been to form joint shipping companies with the various riparian States, which then demand "their" ships back from the Americans. Whether the owners of the vessels wish them to go back is another matter. They have been dispossessed by the Communist minorities in power in Hungary, Rumania, and so on. The demand is made, and is, of course, as good as demanding that the withheld and better portion of the fleet pass into Soviet hands.

Only two riparians have not had to form joint shipping companies with the Soviet: Germany and Austria. The latter currently means most of all to Moscow, as a riparian, because the flower of the river happens to be the Viennese Danube Shipping Company. The Germans filched this company from the Austrians for a derisory figure. So the Russians assert that, as it was a German company, they have a right to it under the Potsdam Agreement in regard to German assets in the Russian Zone of Austria.

As a fact, the company's premises are not even in the Russian zone. They are in the British sector of Vienna. Not that this has worried the Russians: they have squatted in the Danube Shipping Company's headquarters ever since the start, just as they have squatted in Radio-Berlin in the British sector of the German capital.

The importance of this company resides alike in its senior fleet and in its installations at all important ports. Its possession would extend Russian control of the river westward to Passau, the old frontier port of the German and Austria-Hungarian Empires, and make Russia by far the biggest shipping Power on the Danube.

Any conference that is held, will hinge on the disposal of the American-held half of the river fleet (or whatever is still withheld from Moscow). For long this better half was separated from the lesser Soviet-held fleet by the blown-up bridge at Tulln, on the western side of the Vienna woods. This bridge, destroyed by the retreating Germans, marked the division of the Danube, where West met East. It lay just inside the Russian Zone, and while the Russians did nothing to repair it, the Americans looked on. It was as good a block as any between the two! Since then, the river has been rendered partly navigable at this dramatic point, but political considerations prevent a resumption of through traffic on anything but a trickle, "special occasion" basis.

The issue, then, is the West's championship of an international waterway *versus* control of the Danube by the States living along its banks, all save two of which are already tethered to Moscow which has every hope of eventually landing the elusive Austrians and Germans.

At the same time, any conference which tackles the grotesque Danubian impasse—yet another example of man adding to his own martyrdom (if such it be) by his own madness—any conference which takes on the Danube will simultaneously be deciding the future of Austria.

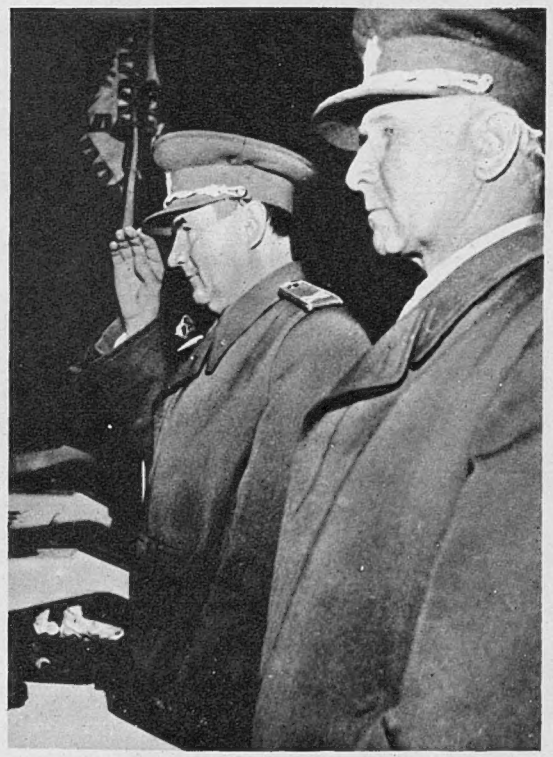
No country is so dependent on the Danube as is Austria. Before the last war she imported by river 1,000,000 tons of foodstuffs and raw materials alone, for which Austrians paid by exporting manufactured or semi-manufactured goods, mostly downstream to countries which are now under Communist domination.

What does this suggest?

What else than that Austria will continue to develop on Western democratic lines, that is, near her own heart and mind, if the Danube comes to be controlled by an international body; and, alternately, that Austria will be lost to the West if the Danube passes to the riparian Soviet stooges.

Supposing control passed to the riparian States? Ask yourself: in that event could Austria long resist reorientating her domestic and foreign policies so as to conform with theirs, her best customers, downstream?

ITALIAN PARTISANS MARCH UPON THE PIAZZA SANT' APOSTOLI, IN ROME: There they were addressed by Communist Deputies who used the van on the left as a rostrum from which they denounced the resurgence of Fascism. The speakers declared that the public must not lull themselves into the belief that Fascism ended with the death of Mussolini. Last week a youth named Michele Ballante, claiming he was an "ardent Nationalist," shot Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, as he came out of the Italian Parliament. The boy came from Catania, Sicily, and claimed that he had been trying to shoot Togliatti for some time. Before the war Togliatti led the Italian underground resistance to Mussolini. Ballante says he has no party allegiance



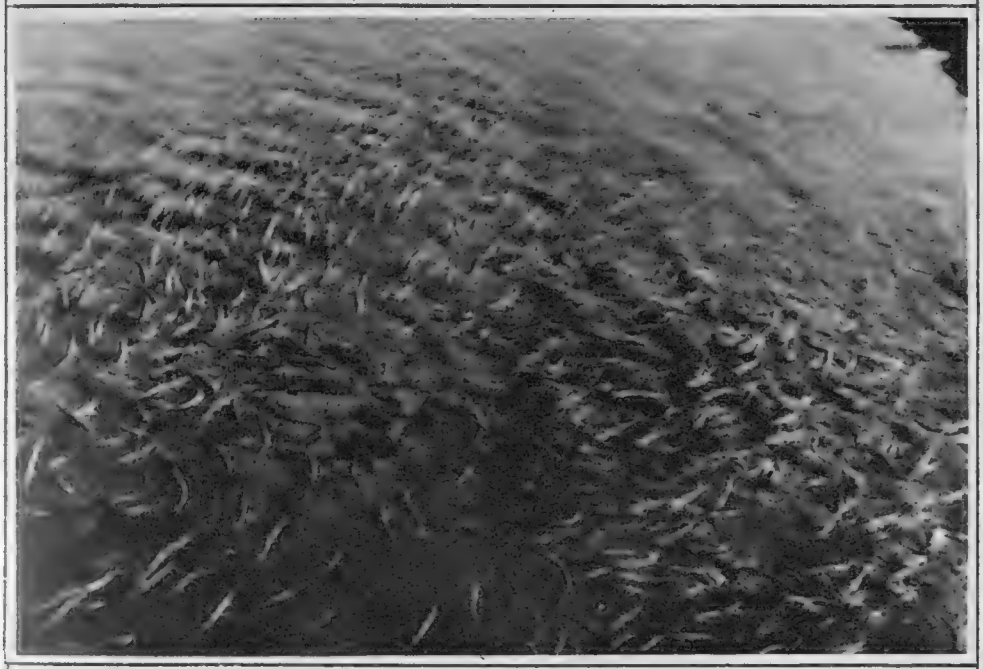
PRESIDENT GOTTWALD IN HIS NEW UNIFORM: The Commander-in-Chief of the Czechoslovakian Army and President of the Republic salutes the troops of the "People's Democracy." With him is General Ludvik Svoboda, the Minister of Defence. They were participating in the ceremony at Prague at which President Gottwald took the oath of allegiance. The President told his audience that the Red Army would henceforward be the model for the Czechoslovak defence forces

NETTING FISH WITH ELECTRIC CURRENT

A Successful Experiment Performed in Germany

PREPARING TO FISH WITH ELECTRICAL AID : The fisherman is about to plunge his electrified landing-net into the water, which will attract fish by means of the alternating current method. On the right of the picture is the portable generator used for the electric fishing, one lead of which goes to an electrode under the surface of the water, the other through the hollow handle of the landing-net to the hoop at the end. Recent experiments in Germany have been successful

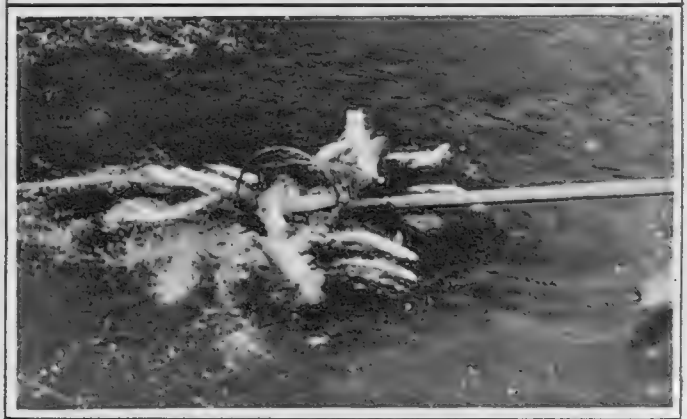
THE FISH ARE NETTED : Lying on their backs, they are attracted into the landing-net, energised by alternating current. All fish succumb to the electrical method



FISHING THE LAKES BY DIRECT CURRENT METHOD : Two electrodes submerged below the surface create an electrical field into which the fish are attracted for the netting

ATTRACTED BY THE DIRECT CURRENT METHOD : Young trout swimming into the electrical field. Any fish not required in the lake can be eliminated after the netting and landing

THE LANDING-NET used in fishing by alternating current. Beneath the surface can be seen the negative electrode, a piece of perforated iron plate through which the electricity passes

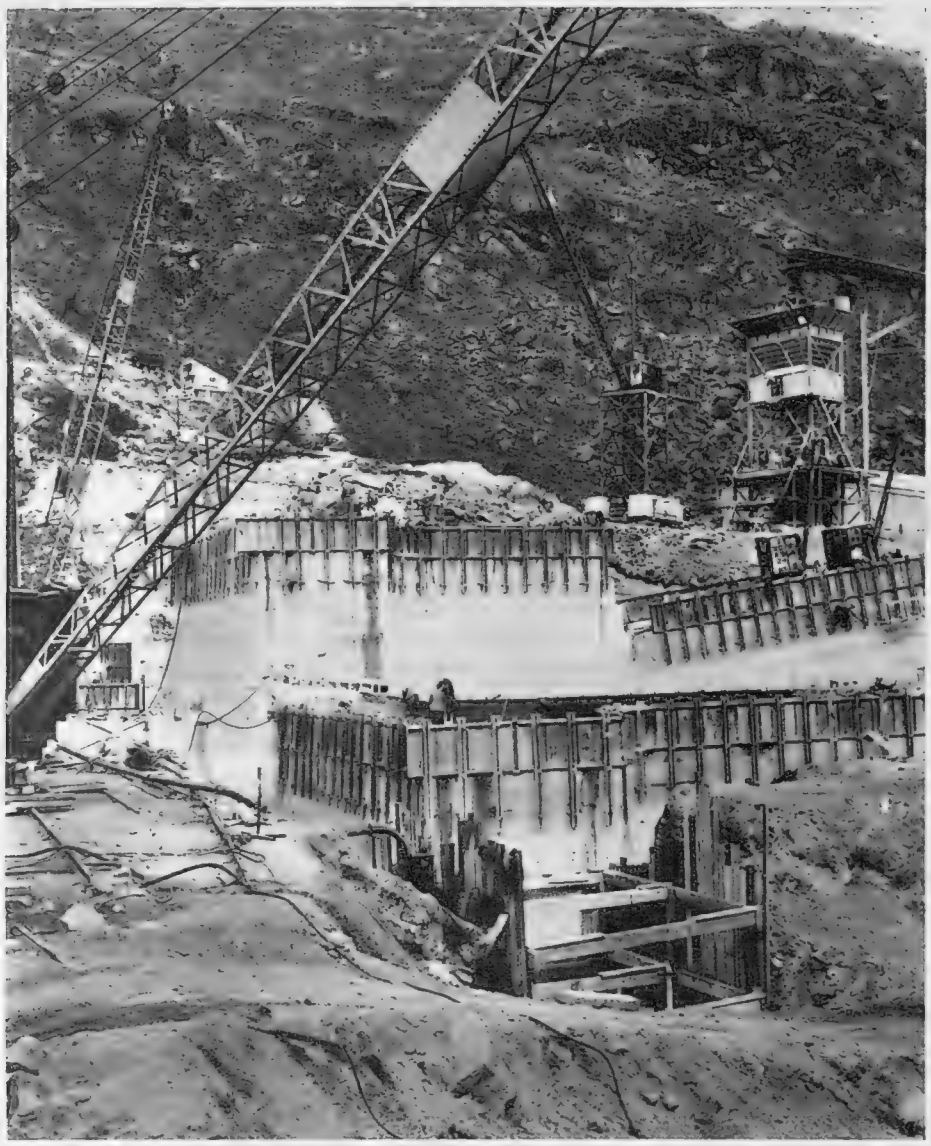


NETTING THE FISH PREPARATORY TO SORTING : When the landing-net is removed, full of fish, those not caught rapidly recover. Unwanted fish are then extracted after the sorting

In *The Sphere* of January 31 last, there appeared pictures of a visit to a Trout Farm in Gloucestershire. The system of re-stocking lakes was described; the netting of the fish in the first stage being carried out by normal nets. Now from Wurttemberg, Germany, comes news and pictures of a successful experiment of netting fish with electrical aid. It has been known for some time that fish will react to electricity when it is flowing in the water in which they are, by swimming to the positive source of current. By the electrical method lakes may be completely emptied of all fish, which are not harmed in any way. The fishing can take place in waters up to a depth of 9 ft. Either direct or alternating current method is used. With the direct current method, two electrodes are submerged below the surface, and about 250 volts, generated from a portable generator, passed through them. The fish, attracted into the electrical field, can then be taken out by means of landing-nets. This method is also suitable for use from a boat, the electrodes in this case being hung from either end. The direct current method is most successful when the electrodes are between 15 and 30 ft. apart. With the alternating current method, a landing-net with the metal ring connected to the source of supply, is used as a positive pole, and the fish are attracted into the net and landed for sorting

POWER FROM LOCH LOMONDSIDE

Harnessing the Waters with a Dam at the Eastern End of Loch Sloy, and a Power Station at Inveruglas



THE DAM WHICH IS BEING BUILT AT THE SOUTH-EAST END OF LOCH SLOY: It will be 400 yards long and will rise 150 ft. from the bed of the water, raising the waters of the Loch from 790 ft. above sea-level to 920 ft. As a result, the Loch itself will extend another mile

ACTIVITY BY THE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND—THE POWE being built to carry the water from Loch Sloy to the Inveruglas lochside to make way for the tail-race—the rush of water from

The waters of Loch Lomond and Loch Sloy will supply power to the Central Electricity Board when work on the present £4,500,000 scheme of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board is brought to completion. Loch Sloy lies in the fold of the hills between Ben Vane and Ben Vorlich. The water for the power plant at Inveruglas, Loch Lomondside, will be carried from storage in Loch Sloy through a specially-constructed tunnel hewn out of the rocks. It was in this tunnel that a serious accident took place in June, causing the loss of four lives. In addition to the Loch Lomond scheme, the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board has at the present moment a most ambitious programme on hand, including schemes to utilise the vast water-power resources of Glen Garry and Glen Moriston, in Inverness-shire

RAISING THE HEIGHT OF LOCH SLOY: Work in progress on the construction of the dam across the eastern end of the Loch. It will be seen how a conveyor system is used to take cement to the mixer. In the foreground on the right an excavator is at work levelling the ground for the foundations of the dam. Towards the left will be the sluice gates and outlet of the Sloy dam. In the background are the lower slopes of the Ben Vorlich range

HOUSE FOR THE LOCH SLOY HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT INVERUGLAS, LOCH LOMONDSIDE: In the foreground are the four pipe-lines now
turbines. Beyond the power house piling operations are in progress prior to the construction of a bridge which will carry the main road over part of the
the turbines. In the background of this picture are the majestic heights of Cruinn a' Beinn (2,077 ft.) and Ben Lomond which towers up to 3,192 ft.

AT THE FOOT OF BEN VORLICH—ANOTHER VIEW OF CONSTRUCTION WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE LOCH SLOY DAM: Last month a serious accident took place near
the site of the dam, four men being killed and four others injured when an explosion took place in the main tunnel 1,800 ft. in from the face of Ben
Vorlich. At the time of the accident the men were investigating the failure of a blasting charge at the tunnel face. They received its full force

A Foreign Survey

NEWS PICTURES FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

THE FUNERAL OF BRIGADIER USMAN : Pandit Nehru (fourth from left), Prime Minister of the Indian Dominion, Sardar Baldev Singh (third from left), the Defence Minister, and other members of the Cabinet were the chief mourners at the ceremony in New Delhi. Brigadier Usman, who was killed during recent fighting on the Kashmir border, was given a funeral with full military honours. Christians, Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims united to pay a last tribute to a very popular soldier of the Indian Dominion

THE IMPERIAL VOTARESS PASSES ON! For many years the removal of this statue of Queen Victoria from the lawn in front of Leinster House, Dublin, was discussed, but nothing was done about it. However, the work has begun at last, and the Dail Deputies will soon be able to park their cars on the site. The statue is going to be stored at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, where there is an antiques museum. Leinster House, once the home of the Dukes of Leinster, accommodates both Dail Eireann and the Senate. Flanking it on Leinster Lawn are the National Gallery and Government buildings

THEY DROVE IN TRIUMPH THROUGH BAGHDAD : In the leading car of this cavalcade rode King Abdullah of Transjordan and his nephew, the Regent Abdul Illah of Iraq. They were en route from the airport to the city after King Abdullah had completed the air trip from Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, where he had been for three days the guest of his old enemy, King Ibn Saud. The two Kings had not met since Ibn Saud put Abdullah's family off the throne of the Hedjaz in 1924. Their meeting at Riyadh was marked by the utmost cordiality. It ended with a joint statement indicating that no compromise with world Jewry would be contemplated

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW BAGHDAD BRIDGE : The first section of steelwork for the approach viaducts is now in position, and it is expected that this vital new rail link in the Middle East will be completed next year. The bridge will join the railway system of the west bank of the Tigris, carrying traffic to Mosul, Basra and Turkey, with the system of the east bank connecting with Persia and the vitally important Kirkuk oilfields. The existing train-ferry system is extremely slow and cumbersome, each coach or freight car having to be handled individually. The new Baghdad bridge will carry both the railway and an 18-ft. viaduct

REFUGEES FROM THE PUNJAB BUILD ANEW : Volunteers clearing a site near Nizamuddin, a suburb of Delhi, ready for the construction of homes for some of the thousands of Hindus who fled south during the massacres. The Punjab Minister for Relief and Rehabilitation has appealed to refugees to help themselves by volunteering for a communal effort in site-clearing, and he himself with members of his staff gave a lead by working with pick and shovel on the 34-acre plot at Nizamuddin. Delhi and district to-day remain hopelessly overcrowded with refugees

BUILT BY THE OLD "VOLKS" AT HOME: This midget racing car, home-made from parts of a Volkswagen (German "People's car"), burned up the track in spectacular fashion during the first post-war car and motor-cycling races to be held in Berlin. The car's rather curious lines make it rather difficult to tell front from rear. More than 100,000 spectators watched the events, which took place in the American sector of Berlin. Owing to the Soviet closing of land routes into Berlin from the west, many competitors from the Western Zones were non-starters

A ROUSING RECEPTION FOR JAN SMUTS IN ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN: The ex-Premier of the South African Union receiving a tumultuous welcome in the "Southern capital" on his return from England. The reception was so enthusiastic that the cars could only move forward at walking-pace, and at times it came to a standstill. There were numerous coloured folk among the spectators. General Smuts, who was defeated in his constituency at Standerton in the recent General Elections—elections which also saw the defeat of his United Party—has since won a by-election in Pretoria, a colleague having made way for him. This will enable the veteran statesman to lead the Opposition against the Nationalists, whose position is very far from being secure

THERE THE MATTER RESTS—THE OBJECT OF A LEGAL BATTLE AT SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS: This house, the property of Gilbert Gaudet, had to be moved from its original site as part of the purchase contract. During the half-mile journey to a new site, the house was halted, lawyers briefed by the light and telephone companies having brought a court injunction to forbid molestation of the overhead wires. At the time of writing, the house remains in the centre of Bonair Street

MOVING SCENES IN THE CITY OF SUNSHINE AND PALM-TREES: This six-bedroom house was built by one of the pioneers of modern Florida, Roddy Burdine, at Miami Beach in 1929. Recently the house made a twelve-mile trip to the city of Miami, being loaded on a barge specially equipped with a set of rollers to take the foundations. When this picture was taken, the house was being towed through the Venetian Causeway

THE CITY COUNCIL OF COPENHAGEN RECEIVES REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM: Alderman A. F. Bradbeer (seated on left), Deputy Lord Mayor of Birmingham and Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the Birmingham City Council, with Mr. H. P. Soerensen, Copenhagen's bearded Burgomaster, and Alderman Wheeldon (seated right, centre) of Birmingham, during a visit to the open-air museum in Copenhagen. They are seated on stones which were used by the earliest town council in Denmark. The visit of the Birmingham civic dignitaries to Copenhagen has caused wide interest locally, and lavish entertainments have been staged in their honour

HIS MAJESTY'S HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE" LIES AT ANCHOR IN VALETTA HARBOUR, MALTA: Recently recommissioned, this vessel was formerly the hospital ship "Empire Clyde," and prior to that was the Italian liner S.S. "Leonardo da Vinci." The "Maine" incorporates some of the latest developments in medical science. She will, for the time being, remain in reserve at Malta, the base of the Mediterranean Fleet. In the background of this picture can be seen Malta's great floating dock, in which very large repairs can be effected

ESTABLISHING THE BEACHHEAD—TRACKED VEHICLES COME ASHORE FROM A TANK LANDING CRAFT: Students of the Staff College, Camberley, went to Eastney Beach, Portsmouth, to see this demonstration of amphibious warfare given by the Navy, Army and Marines, the object of the demonstration being to show the exact sequence of events in a combined assault from the moment that the frogmen start their reconnaissance to the final phase when tanks and infantry win the ground

THE FROGMEN PAVE THE WAY FOR THE ASSAULT: They have just mined underwater obstructions and have come ashore on the enemy coast (presumably under cover of darkness) in order to ignite the fuses. The man kneeling on the left is making the final connections, and in a few seconds a channel for landing craft will be cleared through the hostile sea defences

The GENTLE ART of INVASION

Staff College Students See How It Is Done

The amphibious invasions of Sicily, Italy and Normandy taught the Allies the art of amphibious warfare. Gradually, through many failures, a technique of combined battle operations was evolved, and when the hardest testing-time arrived in 1944 it survived the ordeal. To-day the soldiers of the future are learning these lessons acquired in battle by their seniors, and students of the Staff College, Camberley, saw last week a most effective demonstration of the sequence of invasion. H.M.S. *Suvla*, a landing ship tank, a landing craft tank, assault L.C.M.s and L.C.P.s all participated in this realistic exercise which started with the landing of a reconnoitring party by canoe. This party would normally operate under cover of night, and probably its first task, months before invasion, would be to collect samples of sand and to prepare a report on the nature of the coast defences. From that small but hazardous beginning the staff would set in motion the highly-geared machinery which alone can ensure the success of an operation demanding immense forces and, of course, split-second timing

THE TANKS AND TRACKED VEHICLES COME ROARING INTO THE BEACHHEAD FROM THE TANK LANDING CRAFT UNDER COVER OF A SMOKE SCREEN : When this decisive phase of the assault has been reached, it is assumed that the R.A.F. have shattered communications inland, while vessels of the Royal Navy, standing out to sea, pound the gun emplacements along the hostile shore. It is assumed, too, that the frogmen have done their work and that a constant succession of landing craft and assault craft is coming through to fill the beachhead with troops and supplies. At last week's demonstration, the Camberley students saw only token forces

HOW THE INVADING FORCE MAY PRACTISE ECONOMY IN SHIPPING SPACE : A small Whippet tank emerging from an amphibious tank on Eastney beach near Portsmouth

A BEACH RECOVERY PARTY IN ACTION WITH SPECIALISED EQUIPMENT : If an assault craft comes to grief and is not too badly damaged, this crane is speedily rigged and the vessel is salvaged. After D-Day in Normandy, when heavy weather contributed to our landing-craft losses, large quantities of equipment were salvaged in this manner

A SWIMMING TANK COMES INTO THE BEACHHEAD : This method of sustaining heavy-tracked vehicles in the water during the first moments of an assault, can be highly effective under an adequate smoke-screen protecting the inflated envelope from small-arms fire. The method was used by the Americans during the Pacific war, but the secret was closely guarded

BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE ISLAND—A THAMES BEAUTY SPOT IS THREATENED BY A SCHEME TO BUILD A BY-PASS ROAD ACROSS THE RIVER AT THIS POINT : Temple Island, with its Georgian Temple, was put under restrictive Covenants in 1943 by Major Roderick Mackenzie. It lies in the middle of the Henley Regatta Course and adjoins the celebrated Greenlands Estate of Viscount Hambleden, put under Covenants for the National Trust in 1944. At a recent public inquiry held in Henley, details became known of the plan to by-pass Henley on the Oxford-London Road by building a bridge across the Thames near Temple Island. In addition to marring the beauty of this scene, the by-pass would inevitably affect the Hambleden property. At the time of writing, the whole matter is under consideration by the Ministry of Transport, and their decision regarding Temple Island is expected soon

THIS ENGLAND

A HENLEY BEAUTY SPOT AND ROMNEY'S HAMPSTEAD HOME ARE IN THE NEWS

THE PRESERVATION OF LOVELY HIDCOTE

THE HOUSE ON HOLLY BUSH HILL : Romney's House, one of Hampstead's most picturesque landmarks, has recently been in the property market and has now changed hands. It was in 1796 that Romney bought an old house and stable on this site, and in 1797, when his health had begun to decline, he built this new house and studio, a rather rambling structure, very much to his own design. A feature of the house was the studio—50 ft. long and 30 ft. wide—in which the artist received his sitters. It was Romney's last London residence, and has been described by his biographer as a costly freak which was a severe strain on his income

On left—As George Romney's health failed, the morbidly sensitive side of his disposition began to assert itself more and more, and he had a hankering to get away from the smoke and grime of London and to build himself a house essentially to his liking. His son persuaded him against a rather grandiose plan for building a home at Edgware, and in the end the artist was content to acquire the Holly Bush Hill property at Hampstead. Romney speedily set about altering and adding to his new home. On the site of the stables he put up a gallery for pictures and sculpture, and enclosed half the garden under a timber arcade for a riding-house. These costly freaks were not enjoyed by Romney for long. In 1799, without speaking to anyone of his intention, he set out for Kendal to rejoin the wife he had deserted some thirty-five years before. A broken and melancholy man, he was received with generosity by his wife, and he died at Kendal in November 1802. The strange house on Holly Bush Hill was purchased for Assembly Rooms and became a social centre for the Hampstead district

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THE NEW CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS UNDER CONSTRUCTION : Masons and craftsmen are pushing ahead with their work on the new Chamber which has been designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. A written Parliamentary statement has told of good progress on the House, but that it is too early yet to give any date when the work will be completed. There is a hope, however, that the building will be made ready for occupation in the latter part of 1950. Until then the Commons will continue to sit in the House of Lords which was made available to them after the bombing

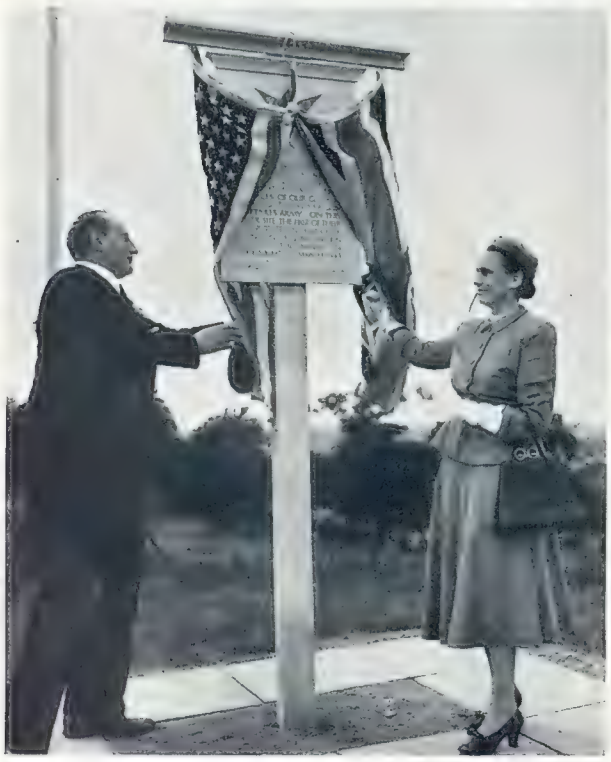
THE CHURCHILL ARCH IN THE NEW HOUSE : It is named after Britain's wartime Premier by reason of his suggestion that an arch be built with blitzed stonework from the old House of Commons. The arch is being constructed between the Chamber and the Commons Lobby. The burnt stonework of the old House will blend with the new masonry. The essential features of the old building are being preserved in the new construction

CLIPSHAM STONE, A PRODUCT OF RUTLANDSHIRE QUARRIES, HAS BEEN USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION : The stone is a yellowish limestone, easily worked, which produces an attractive graining. This picture shows a light well in the Whips' Area, overlooking the cloister walls of St. Stephen's Hall, which can be seen in the background

ALL READY TO MOVE ON THE RISING TIDE : The centre span of the Lambeth emergency bridge, lying between Westminster Bridge and Charing Cross Bridge, about to be floated away on two barges. As the tide flowed the barges lifted the span

THE BARGES BRING AWAY THEIR BURDEN : The central span of the Lambeth emergency bridge being manœuvred to the side of the Thames after being lifted from the piers on which it rested. The span has been bought by the Crown Agents for the Colonies, and is to be re-erected in Uganda, where a £16,000,000 development scheme is now in progress. The bridge has only been used for foot traffic, and has taken the place of Hungerford Bridge while the latter has been undergoing repairs. There is considerable engineering activity on the Thames, and work is now far advanced on the removal of all temporary bridges

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES



A REMINDER OF AMERICAN A.-A. CO-OPERATION : Mrs. Lewis Douglas unveiling a memorial board at Lippitts Hill, High Beach, Essex, commemorating the services of the United States Army in the anti-aircraft defence of Great Britain during the war. Situated in a commanding position on the western side of Epping Forest, the board occupies the site on which the guns of the 184th A.A.A. Battalion—the first American guns to be fired on this side of the Atlantic during the war—came into action. The board has been erected by the Essex Anglo-American Goodwill Association. Colonel Stuart S. Mallinson, secretary of the Association, is seen in this picture with Mrs. Douglas. Later a permanent memorial is to be erected

THE PLEASURE STEAMER "EMBASSY" GOES AGROUND ON A MUDBANK IN POOLE HARBOUR : When the vessel grounded 128 passengers, including many children, had to be brought ashore by the tug "Weny Ann," which made three journeys in a calm sea to complete the work. The "Embassy" went aground when trying to turn in the harbour, but she overshot a marker-buoy

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH FLIES TO NORTHERN IRELAND : Prince Philip with Group Captain W. E. Oulton, who received him at Ballylelly Aerodrome, County Londonderry, in his capacity as Joint Director of the Royal Navy-R.A.F. Anti-Submarine Training School. The Duke, who journeyed in a Viking of the King's Flight, was accompanied by five naval officers, fellow-members of the course on which he is engaged, and an aide-de-camp. The flight from London took 2¼ hours. The Londonderry course was scheduled to last five days, the Duke afterwards returning to Greenwich

LEVELLING THE NEW RUGBY FIELD AT CHIGWELL : Part of the £160,000 scheme to give London's East End families a huge sports centre and camp of their own. The centre, to be laid out at Grange Farm, will include a swimming pool, a hut-and-canvas camping site for 2,000 people, Soccer, Rugby, cricket and hockey pitches, a running track, open-air theatre, a restaurant, a recreation hall and chapel. It will cover almost 110 acres. The scheme, first contemplated in 1939 but shelved during the war, has been sponsored and largely financed by the City Parochial Charities Foundation. The London County Council, Essex County Council and the Education Ministry are making grants

A NEW JAMAICAN KNIGHT IN LONDON : Sir Harold Allan, created a knight in the Birthday Honours for public services in Jamaica, seen with Lady Allan. Sir Allan's visit to London was made in order to attend an Investiture at Buckingham Palace. A fellow-visitor to London, and a friend of Sir Harold's, is Alexander Bustamente. Sir Harold is a former schoolteacher, and his chief work has been as Finance Minister

HERNE BAY PIER HAS ITS FIRST POST-WAR PLEASURE CALLER : The "Rochester Queen" approaching the shore with a small crowd of holiday-makers on board. For the benefit of visitors to the Thames Estuary, a regular service has been started between Herne Bay and Southend, and for the inaugural trip the "Rochester Queen" was dressed with bunting. The vessel is a converted landing-craft

THE PROGRESS OF THE WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE : Pilgrims and parishioners packing the Roman Catholic Church at Lowestoft, where two parties of pilgrims converged last week before continuing together to the Norfolk Shrine of Our Lady. Fourteen groups of men left Westminster Cathedral and thirteen other starting-points in England and Wales on July 3, and last week they converged on Walsingham and held an all-night vigil at the Slipper Chapel. Each group consisted of from twenty to thirty men travelling on foot along a 200-mile route. The men took turns in shouldering 8-ft. oak crosses, each weighing about 100 lbs. The ruined Augustinian Priory of Our Lady of Walsingham was a celebrated pilgrim resort in the Middle Ages

CHRISTMAS MAY BE ONCE A YEAR, BUT CHRISTMAS-CARD SORTING IS AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND JOB AT THIS GLASGOW FACTORY : Girls at Pollokshaws sorting the cards in preparation for packing and export. The preparation of Christmas cards is a highly organised and highly competitive business. For the home market the travellers are out on the roads of Britain as early as April, and before the summer is out most of the big shops have made their entire purchases. Packing and crating for export now constitutes the bulk of the business, for paper and card allocations for the home market are strictly limited by what goes abroad. Good card is particularly hard to obtain, and there are other "bottlenecks" in the business. The making of half-tone colour blocks may take as long as six months to complete

TOW HOME FOR A TORBAY CASUALTY : This competitor in the Firefly class at the Olympic trials had the misfortune to capsize and, with his dinghy, he is seen being brought back to port more or less intact. The dinghy, named *Panic*, was one of seven which capsized during a heavy squall on the opening day of the trials. From the results of the racing the selection committee have been able to select the boats in the varying classes to represent Britain in the yachting section of the Olympiad

THE CHAPEL AND OLD HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN—A VIEW FROM THE STEPS OF THE NEW HALL: The Chapel, built by Inigo Jones in 1623, is the successor of an earlier building which dated from the fourteenth century. Dr. Donne laid the foundation-stone and preached the consecration sermon. Revels, masks, and Christmas festivities used to take place in the Old Hall, and both Pepys and Evelyn mention the visit of Charles II at Christmas 1661. The King made a second visit ten years later, accompanied by the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth

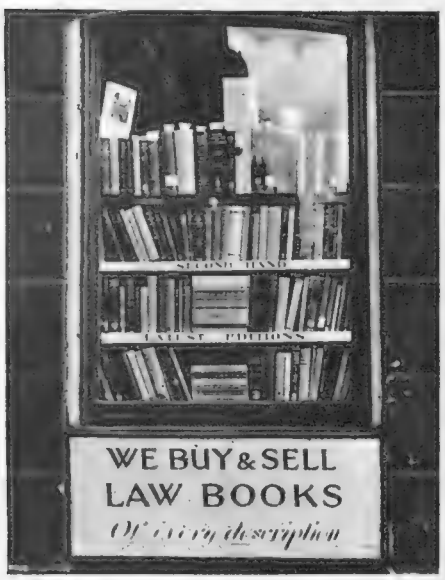
THE BENCHERS' COUNCIL ROOM, THE NEW HALL AND LIBRARY: The Library of Lincoln's Inn dates from 1497, and it is the oldest in London. The present buildings were erected in 1843-45 on the site of the Cottrel Garden, a plot of ground from which was dug clay to make bricks for the Old Hall

The GLORY of LINCOLN'S INN

A Beauty Spot Between the Twin Traffic Arteries of Holborn and Fleet Street

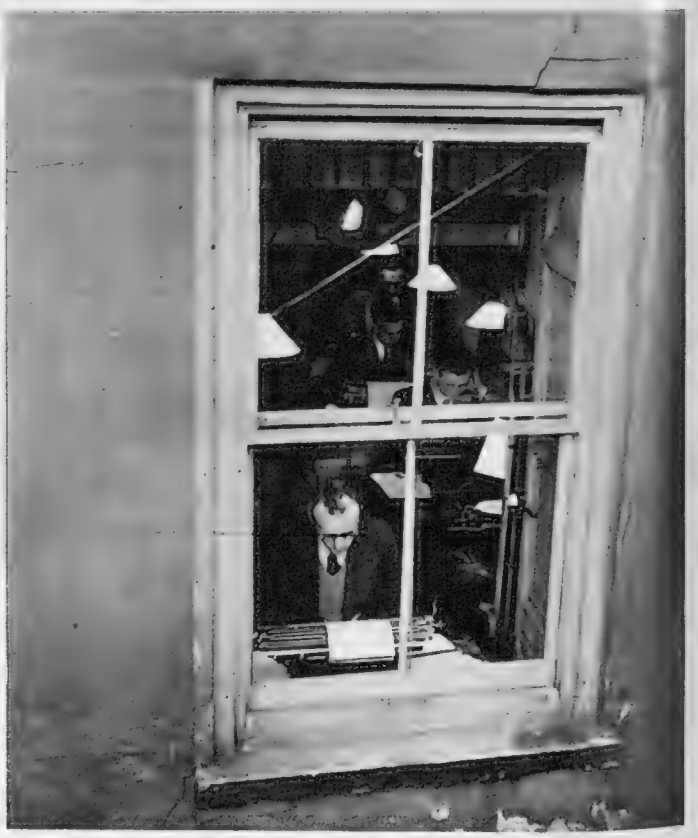
As early as 1376 Lincoln's Inn Fields provided a recreation-ground for students of the law and the citizens of London. During the times of Elizabeth and James I it was little more than an open waste, the haunt of beggars and idlers of all sorts, frequently the scene of deeds of violence and outrage. To-day the Fields are the lunch-hour resort of thousands of Londoners, including many members of the legal profession, who stroll out from Lincoln's Inn to watch the tennis and the basket-ball or to hear the spate of lunch-time oratory which usually takes place in the south-east corner of the Square. Lincoln's Inn itself is a fascinating place. The ground originally belonged to the Black Friars in 1221, and in Edward I's time it passed to the de Lacys, Earls of Lincoln, who had their town house there adjoining the mansion of Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester. For the visitor to Lincoln's Inn there is much to see, for it escaped the bomb damage of the Second World War. The Wall, where Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer; the Gatehouse, built in 1518; the Old Hall, once used as the Lord High Chancellor's Court; the Chapel, built by Inigo Jones in 1623; the New Hall and Library, and the Stone Buildings are all of the deepest interest. The buildings vary from early Tudor to late nineteenth century. Old courtyards and houses of mellowed brick give the Inn a special charm which is enhanced by the well-laid-out gardens

ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE BUSY WHIRL OF FLEET STREET: The entrance to the gardens of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, with its fine set of wrought-iron gates. New Square was built in 1682 on what was originally the Ficket's Field of the Knights Templars



ERUDITION GALORE: The bookshop at the south end of New Square where Latey on Divorce, Fox's General Law, or a diverting treatise on the Law of Torts will provide the aspiring lawyer with everything he requires

LUNCH-HOUR IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS: An Englishman exercises his right to free speech, and a crowd of office workers enjoy the sunshine. These gatherings are a regular feature of the life of Lincoln's Inn



THEY TYPE FOR THE LAWYERS OF LINCOLN'S INN: A glimpse through the windows of a firm which caters for legal needs

A QUIET TERRACE BOUNDED BY THE INN WALL ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE OLD HALL: There is a tradition that Ben Jonson worked with his stepfather as a bricklayer on the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn

LOOKING ACROSS THE GARDENS OF NEW SQUARE: Another view showing the handsome Brewster Gates leading towards the well-kept lawns and flower-beds

THE OLD HALL DATES FROM 1507: The Hall has been subject to extensive changes and repairs from time to time, and in 1819 it was lengthened by the addition of 10 ft. at each end. In *Bleak House* Dickens made the Hall the setting for the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce which dragged along for years, while little Miss Flite attended regularly and patiently. The original of this case began long before Charles Dickens was born and lasted long after he was dead

COMMEMORATING THE TREASURYSHIP OF WILLIAM PITT IN THE YEAR 1794: The sundial on the garden front of Stone Buildings. The buildings were damaged by a bomb in the First World War

HERE LIES JEREMIAH NICHOLLS: One of the memorials in the crypt of the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. Many eminent legal men are buried there, including Thurloe, and Brome (writer of Cavalier songs against the Rump)

THE CRYPT BENEATH THE CHAPEL, ON OPEN ARCHES, WAS SO BUILT TO PERMIT MEMBERS AND STUDENTS TO WALK THERE AND MEET CLIENTS: Samuel Pepys mentions walking there "by agreement." During wet weather the crypt was frequently thronged with legal men, just as was the old Temple Church

INSURANCE MEN FACE NEW PROBLEMS

Some Facets of a Vast Economic Network

By CHARLES GRAVES

LLOYD'S and the insurance companies remain quite unmoved to-day by the National Insurance Act, though affected up to a point by the abolition of workmen's insurance. They are, however, suffering considerably from the crime wave, the careless driving on the roads and, above all, the increasing deterioration of ships at sea.

It is difficult to estimate how much the underpayment of policemen, and the consequent shortage of trained detectives, has cost Lloyd's and the insurance companies, but it must have become a very considerable sum indeed since 1945. As for motor-car insurance, the Eagle Star and Dominion Company broke all precedents by separating their motor-vehicle accounts from their "Accidents" and revealing a loss of over £50,000 last year. The Eagle Star and Dominion is only one of many companies. One could presume, therefore, that millions of pounds had to be paid out last year, in spite of the temporary abolition of the basic ration. This year, with thousands of rusty drivers returning to the roads, the claims will no doubt be higher still.

As for marine insurance, Lloyd's and the ninety-odd insurance companies have been having a pretty thin time since the end of the war. Normally, insurance goes in cycles of anything from three to seven years, either good or bad. The only exception is wartime, when things boom. Anyway, World War I and World War II made handsome paper profits, however much had to be handed back to the Government. In 1942 the insurance rates went up to £10 per cent. for voyages from the U.K. to the U.S., and from the U.S. (Pacific Coast) to Australia. Voyages from the U.K. to Alexandria went up to £17 10s. per cent., and certain voyages to Ireland up to £20 per cent. As it turned out, however, the anticipations of the Joint Hull Committee were erroneous, twice over. This Committee decides from time to time when the insurance rates should be increased or decreased. In spite of the tremendous loss of shipping from enemy action, the rates proved too high during the war and too low since then. The rates were reduced by 40 per cent. in the middle of 1947; and yet casualties to ships have actually been greater during the past three years than they were in the days when Admiral Doenitz and Hitler were still in power. This almost incredible state of affairs can be proved by a glance at the official casualty returns issued by the Liverpool Underwriters' Association. In 1944 the total casualties to ships were 4,777; in 1945 they were 5,124; in 1946 they were 6,039; in 1947 they were 7,392. As for 1948, there was an increase of 53 casualties in June over June, 1947.

Most of the casualties are due to faults in the machinery, particularly in American ships. Next come collisions, followed by strandings; but even weather-damage resulted in 958 casualties last year. This ought to be almost impossible in a well-found ship. In the case of machinery trouble, propellers are very frequently at fault. Liberty ships in particular seem to have a habit of losing their propellers and breaking their tail-shafts. Between June, 1946, and June, 1948, no fewer than 86 of these hastily constructed vessels lost their propellers, compared with 42 of all other kinds. The United States Bureau of Shipping (the American opposite number of Lloyd's Register) has recommended a number of modifications and remedies. In the meantime, the chief palliative is the simple one of instructing the ships to go slower. It appears that the bearings have allowed hair cracks to develop into actual fractures.

Another unfortunate factor is that in the wartime hurry to mass-produce officers and crews for the American Mercantile Marine, it was actually possible to secure a Master's Certificate by a correspondence course. This worked well enough in the days of convoys, when the captains had only to keep in touch with the ship in front and navigation was unnecessary. But when it came to sailing independently, strandings, collisions and running into mine-fields, however well charted, were a common occurrence. At the tail end of the war, when the Italian Fleet had been disposed of and all known mine-fields had been charted and meticulously marked with buoys, the Americans suggested that it was a waste of time to keep to the convoy system and that ships should sail independently. They were informed by the British Naval authorities in the Mediterranean that if they did so they must count on a loss of at least a couple of ships a week owing to faulty seamanship. The Americans agreed to this, and rather more than two ships a week were duly lost as a result of their going into mine-fields. This was awkward for the British Naval authorities, who had to send in tugs in order to haul them out of the danger zone if they had not actually sunk to the bottom.

THE BUSY YARDS OF BELFAST—AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE GREAT BASIN WHERE A RECORD OUTPUT WAS ACHIEVED LAST YEAR: This output is being maintained in 1948, and Harland and Wolff are probably doing more than any single concern to make good the vast losses of the Second World War

There are still mines, and casualties from mines. But they are infinitely fewer than any other type of casualty, except actual founderings and abandonments. In 1946 forty-four ships were mined, and in 1947 there were forty-five. These mines are mostly off the coasts of Denmark, Sweden and Holland. Only the other day the *Copenhagen* had that terrible accident, with a heavy loss of life.

Another drain on Lloyd's and the insurance companies are Chinese ships. Not only do the Chinese buy up rubbish and then sail them, irrespective of their condition, but they have become so nationalistic that they insist on having nothing but Chinese officers as well as men. Their slap-dash navigation, even up and down their swift-running rivers, has been proving quite expensive. True, the Turkish Mercantile Marine is even older than the Chinese or the Greek ships, but that is neither here nor there.

A month ago, the Argentine, very much in accordance with its new attitude of independence, decided to freeze out all direct insurance by Lloyd's and British companies generally, but, though irritating, it has not been an important loss.

American insurance competition is now, however, becoming quite strong. Two American wartime admirals have been doing their best to persuade American companies to get into the world market. Against that, Sweden is taking the place of Germany in the reinsurance market. Norwegian hulls, by the by, are now being insured at cheaper rates even than English hulls.

What I had never realised before was that at least one famous English shipping line is so confident of its own efficiency and of the skill of its navigators that it does not insure against marine risks at all, though, of course, it was protected against war losses. This is the Holt Line, which has a most excellent record, and is probably benefiting by its bold policy.

For look at the cost of insuring the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*. A premium of £43,000 was paid out last year on behalf of the *Queen Mary*, and £59,000 on behalf of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Actually, these two ships are probably the best marine risks in the world. The Government, which originally took a half share in the underwriting of the two *Queens*, has made £900,000 out of them since the '30's. This figure, incidentally, shows how much Lloyd's and the insurance companies have benefited as well in this venture.

Altogether there are between 250 and 300 syndicates on Lloyd's. Each syndicate has anything from five to ninety "names." (The days of the individual underwriter have gone.) Each "name" has not only to deposit £10,000 with the Committee of Lloyd's, but also has to pass a kind of "means test" showing that he is worth anything from £35,000 to £75,000, according to whether or not he influences insurance to Lloyd's. At the moment, I gather, there is no waiting list.

Several "names" fear that their transactions will show a loss on the current year. But, as each underwriting account is kept open for two years after the end of the year of account, to allow claims to mature, it is possible that their technical losses this year may be offset in the years 1949 and 1950.

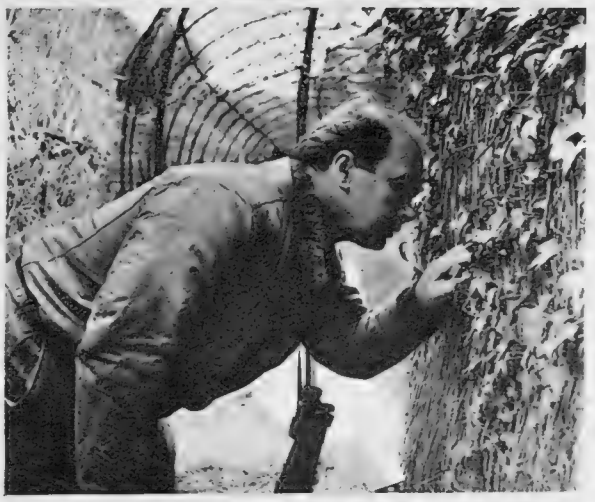
Lloyd's, of course, is prepared to insure anything in the world within reason, except financial stability and life policies for more than five years. Recently there have not been any major fires and heavy claims resulting therefrom. On the other hand, civil aviation has had a series of blows. The appalling collision of the York and the Skymaster is now the subject of a public enquiry, and until its findings are complete it is difficult to say how much it may cost in insurance. Presumably, if it is proved that the York was at fault, the underwriters who have to pay the claim for the other aircraft will attempt to reimburse themselves from the Government. Since the end of the war underwriters specialising in aircraft insurance have certainly made no money, and in some cases have lost it. Aircraft companies after a long spell of accident-free periods always threaten to form their own pool and give up insurance by Lloyd's unless rates are reduced. At one moment after the war, the rate for the aircraft of a certain company was as low as 2·65 per cent. for a whole year's coverage. Several post-war newcomers to the air insurance business helped to bring the rates down so competitively that there was no money in it, as I have said, for anyone. During the past year the rates have gone up on an average about 50 per cent. Nor is this surprising. New aeroplanes with new equipment have been taking the air, with resultant disasters for the very simple reason that the equipment had not been tested by experience.

P.S.—At the moment the gigantic air lift to Berlin is not having much effect on Lloyd's. The vast bulk of the aeroplanes belong to the Royal Air Force. Those of the charter companies are in a negligible minority, although, at the moment, there are indications that they will be used on an increasing scale.

THE WILDFOWLERS OF THE NEW GROUNDS

How Ducks are Decoyed for Ringing at the Severn Wildfowl Trust on the Gloucestershire Saltmarshes

WIDGEON AND MALLARD IN THE SOUTH PIPE OF THE DUCK DECOY: Here the Severn Trust catches and rings the birds with a view to adding to our knowledge of their habits and to providing data which will help to arrest the decline in the world's wildfowl. The Trust, operating on the New Grounds on the Severn, only came into being in 1946, but it has already done first-class work



THE DIRECTOR OF THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST: Mr. Peter Scott, distinguished alike as artist and ornithologist, and a brilliant figure in the Second World War as a commander of "the little ships," seen at the New Grounds. He is looking through one of the screens in the duck decoy

COMPLETING THE LAST PIPE OF THE DUCK DECOY: The Director of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, Mr. Peter Scott, setting up the hoops to carry the nets of the decoy. This section will probably be completed by the winter of 1948-49

SETTING A TUNNEL NET AT THE END OF A DECOY PIPE: Once the ducks have been trapped here, ringing is easy. Sometimes a dog is used to lure them forward

WORKING ON ONE OF THE PATHS IN THE DECOY WOOD: The path will be covered with sawdust for silent walking to avoid disturbing the ducks on the decoy pond. Once the ducks have been lured into the pipe, the decoy-man drives the birds into the detachable tunnel net, from which they are extricated

Studying the winter flocks of wild geese, the catching of ducks in the decoy for ringing, and the study of a comparative collection of tame waterfowl are the three main activities at the New Grounds on the Gloucestershire shores of the Severn, where the Severn Wildfowl Trust has established its headquarters. The Director of the Trust, Mr. Peter Scott, a brilliant ornithologist, has lately issued his annual report, in which he gives an account of the decoy system at the New Grounds and how it works. "It may be helpful to explain that once the ducks have been encouraged to come and rest in the wooded shelter of the pool, they have to be enticed into one or other of the curved ditches or 'pipes' which lead away from it. These are covered with a tunnel of netting stretched on hoops and flanked with overlapping screens of reed or straw, cunningly arranged so that the decoy-man is invisible to the birds on the pond but can, at the critical moment, appear behind the ducks in the pipe, between them and the pond, and barring their retreat. They have no alternative but to fly yet farther up the pipe, round its bend and on into the *cul-de-sac* at its end. To entice the ducks into the pipe, food may be used, and tame decoy ducks may be trained to give them confidence, but the most usual and at the same time the most extraordinary method is by using a small dog. The ducks will 'mob' the dog, for it cannot catch them so long as they remain in the water. They do this in much the same way as small birds will 'mob' an owl; and, if the dog appears always to be running away, their bravado increases. In this way they can be lured into the pipe, whereupon the decoy-man runs back and drives the birds forward into the detachable tunnel net, from which they are extricated, ringed and released."

New Lamps and Old

WHAT MAKES A GREAT NOVEL?

Some Thoughts on the Classics

By JOHN GORE

OUR DEBT TO NOVELISTS.—The other day I picked up on a bookstall a very remarkable example of the trend in modern education which, under the impetus of the Press and the B.B.C., strives t secure to every citizen without toil or sweat a very little knowledge on a great variety of subjects—potted and superficial culture. The book was called *Fourteen Famous Novels Retold as Short Stories* (or some such). A sensational and arresting title, it must be admitted. Of course, I bought it; more, I read it. Yes, I re-read even *Pride and Prejudice* and *Wuthering Heights* reduced, simplified and "improved" to the compass of two or three pages. And now, after reading this collection, anybody can claim to be familiar with the best of our native classics.

There were selected for "improvement" works by Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Collins, Stevenson, Hardy, George Eliot, the Brontës, and Blackmore among others.

With *Pride and Prejudice* the author substituted his own for his authoress's notions of wit. His efforts with *Wuthering Heights* was rather like an attempt to reduce *Kubla Khan* to a proposition in Euclid. The egregious effort was not uninteresting, if shattering, to assess. Dickens was shown up in the monstrous devices, to which he fell, in the way of fantastic coincidence to bolster up his plots. Oddly enough, Thomas Hardy alone came through the mincing-machine not wholly destroyed. "Tess" made an almost readable short story. I wonder why?

Now, I will throw my bookstall purchase into the salvage-box and turn to more serious matters.

What makes a great novel and what are the chief features which endear some of them to us for the term of our lives? It may be said that no rules, no limits, are set to confine the author's imagination. "The scene may be set in London or on the sea-coast of Bohemia," in Arcady or Fifth Avenue. His function is to create from his imagination a set of people, a set of circumstances and a setting, commonplace or fantastical, ideal or realistic, relying not on the camera of his experience, but on the creative faculty that is within him. No rule conditions this faculty. Howsoever fantastical the plot, the setting, the scene in which his creations move, their actions and reactions alone are conditioned. What they do must be decided by truth to the conditions of man's nature and life, and so long as that rule is observed, the author's creations may have a chance, if his genius be adequate to the task, to survive "free of the ages," undated, as we say, by the fancy dress of their period, and "true to life" despite the handicaps of a fairy tale or fantastic environment. The characters may express their thoughts in poetry or prose, in the sonorous periods of Macaulay or the clipped sentences of a cocktail party, wear velvet or rags, live lives devoid of incidents more exciting than the arrival of the postman, or crammed full of breathless melodrama and impossible coincidence; but provided the rule is obeyed, provided their actions are true to man's nature and life, they may survive for posterity, more alive, more *true*, more vivid, than the man next door.

That is the rule which enables us to relate and *lump* Jane Austen's masterpieces with the most modern accepted masterpieces of realism, to speak in a breath of *Wuthering Heights* and *The Way of All Flesh*, or of *Emma* and *The Master of Ballantrae*, of *Jane Eyre* and *The Old Wives' Tale*.

Immortal Scenes.—So working, unfettered in his imagination, restricted by a single rule, the author creates his world, peoples it with his created characters, among them here and there one whose charm or nobility or oddities invest him or her with superhuman powers, the power to live for centuries, to exert an influence or give delight to posterities unborn. Every man who is a man, even though he be born in the atomic age, is fated to be in love with Elizabeth Bennet, Diana Vernon and Beatrix Esmond, and perhaps Lorna Doone; to delight in the absurdities of Mr. Collins, and the yawning oddities of Dominie Sampson; to feel the inspiring influence of Esmond or John Inglesant. It is these immortals which endear certain novels to us in a life sentence of love and gratitude. The plot is nothing by itself. Let it be never so exciting, never so ingenious, never so plausible, unless it is woven round at least one immortal, it is no more than an ephemeral diversion, no more immortal than a very competent detective story—and that, no doubt, is why *The Moonstone* still survives into this age of really competent crime fiction.

The recipe for immortality, then, requires at least one such creation and, in my experience, one or more immortal "scenes," short or long, in which these characters have their chance of full play, work out their destiny or write the epitaph and signature-tune of their qualities and lives. A few of such "scenes" come quickly to my mind—the great moments distinguished among great hours with the great novelists, read and re-read with ever new discoveries, enhanced delight and undying admiration and gratitude.

Imprimis, for me, the meeting of Darcy and Elizabeth on the lawns at Pemberley, when suddenly the bonds of convention burst asunder and two young people, desperately in love, stammer their clumsy way to a perfect understanding.

Next, the sun setting and gilding the towers of Worcester when John Inglesant spoke his serene epilogue to Valentine Lee. Or that great instance of Trollope's spasmodic flashes of sheer genius (amid so much level competence) when the Duke of Omnium receives with civility his son's sporting friend, Major Tifto, in his son's club. If that scene does not bear away a triple crown of absolute rightness in respect of the conduct of each of the three characters which play it, I, at least, can think of none to compete with it.

I could fill sheets with such examples on a slightly lower plane, the theatricals in the coach-house in *The Real Charlotte*, the execution scene in *The Old Wives' Tale*, Jan Ridd's school fight; nay, even the Smith's last battle in a very minor classic, *Rodney Stone*; each of these is evidence of the importance of such immortal minutes in hours of recreation.

The Last Laugh.—I have perhaps said enough to indicate the extent of my gratitude to the world's great masters of fiction. How right it is that the immortality which they give to their creations should be theirs also, and that their names should live and be honoured down the ages when the names of 99 per cent. of statesmen are totally forgotten, and all their honours and contemporary fame and importance less than the dust.

A desire for survival in the memory of posterity is, acknowledged or not, an important spur to ambition in the average man, even in those whose first need is money or whose chief desire is power. Always behind these the longing for some degree of survival beyond death for their names and reputations must act as a goad to ambition and hard work. In our national life it seems sometimes that the prizes of success are more glittering for politicians and leading industrialists than for creative artists in any sphere of art or literature. If it be so, there is comfort for the artists and writers in the reflection that the last laugh is with them, the permanent prize theirs. For if we admit, as we must, that the strongest urge to succeed in life is not money, nor temporal power, but to leave a name remembered by Posterity, then indeed the author of one good book, one competent picture, one small masterpiece of music, is assured of the basic prize for which he strove, whereas not an infinitesimal percentage of men who rose to high political office can claim to have gained it. The claim can be tested.

If you were furnished with the names—the surnames—of all the men who attained to the office of Home Secretary—an important post—since 1837, how many of those names would recall to your memory details sufficient to enable you to write two lines of facts concerning their careers? . . . 5 per cent.? . . . 10 per cent.? Try the experiment.

Here are a small batch for a start: Spencer Walpole, George Grey, Lewis, Hardy, Cross, Lowe, Bruce. . . .

Get out your pencil and write your two lines.

But turn, now, not to the giants but to the lesser lights in literature, and note the difference. "Every schoolboy" will hold up his hand when he is asked the name of the author of *John Inglesant*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man*, *The Irish R.M.*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Nay, even Miss Emily Eden—who can hardly have dreamed of immortality—is not allowed to die, a century after the publication of her two "little experiments" in novel writing. My own gratitude to novelists welcomes this proof of poetic justice. It tempers my irritation at the disproportionate values attached, and publicity accorded, to V.I.P.s in politics. Their names, after all, are writ in water, 99 times out of 100. But Lanoe Falconer is remembered decades after her death for one short story.

BYFLEET MANOR, AN HISTORIC MANSION SAVED FROM DEMOLITION: An artist's impression of the house by the banks of the River Wey, which stands on the site of a royal palace and was rebuilt in 1686 by William Sutton with material from that palace. This explains the presence of two ancient stone pilasters in the façade, the fine stone gate piers, and also much of the panelling within. Byfleet Manor was requisitioned for troops during the war and was in such a dire state of repair that its demolition was almost certain, and it seemed likely that its panelling would go to a Surrey museum. It was then that Mr. R. Thompson and Mr. T. Starling stepped in and saved the place. They are now converting it into three homes. In 1389, it is recorded, Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at the Palace of Westminster, the Tower of London, and all the manors, including Byfleet—*Drawing by Dennis Flanders*

1876
TO
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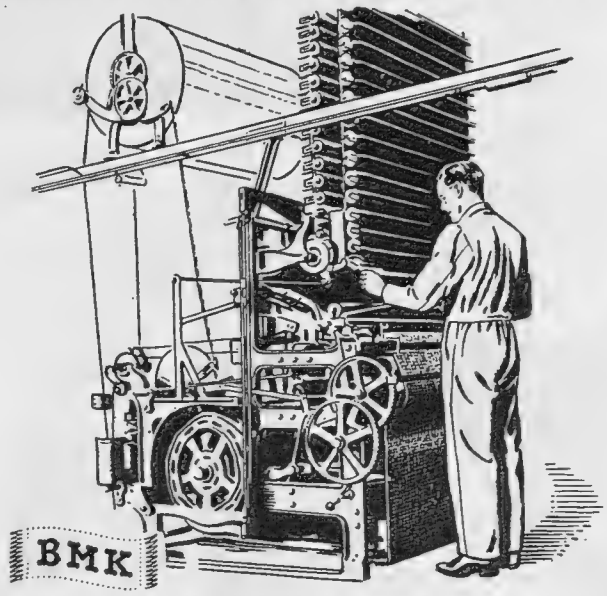

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE PILGRIMAGE OF MRS. DESTINN

Mary Mitchell's New Novel: a Thoughtful, Profound and Mature Piece of Writing

MISS MARY MITCHELL'S new novel is a long, long step away from *A Warning to Wantons*; a step towards the sober, revealing light of the everyday. There is little room for gaiety in the theme the writer has chosen, and the emphasis is decisively on facts rather than fancies. Nevertheless, THE PILGRIMAGE OF MRS. DESTINN (Methuen. 9s. 6d.) is very far from being a dull book. It may not have the sparkle of some of Miss Mitchell's earlier work, but it has infinitely more solidity and, in terms of the novel, it is plainly a better constructed and better planned piece of work. For my own taste, too, I am more than ready to forgo that archness which was either an enchantment or a blight according to individual reaction, and which permeated at least four of her best-known novels.

£15,400 FOR THE FIRST DATED BIBLE AND THE FIRST WITH A PRINTER'S NAME AND DEVICE: Mr. H. R. Williams, of the firm of Quaritch, the London booksellers, examining the two volumes which were acquired by the firm at the sale of manuscripts and books from the library of Baron Horace de Landau, of Florence. The Bible was issued in two volumes from the Mainz press of Johann Fust and Peter Schoeffer on August 14, 1462, and contains 129 large initials all finely painted by an Italian artist. This book, which marks the close of the great period of printing at Mainz, was at one time in the Lord Crawford library. It was sold in 1887 for £1,025

The Mrs. Destinn of the story is the most human of creatures, pretty, wilful and devoted. She marries for love, but after a few years she becomes increasingly unhappy till she reaches an embittered and lonely old age. This is not because her husband ceases to love her, or she him, but rather that in matters of the mind and the spirit they are as distant from each other as if they had no language in common. She is a positive creature, and she chooses a positive mate. Their ideas are irreconcilable, and neither tries very hard at reconciling them.

What is valuable in this book is not the depicting of such a situation, for which there could be no claim of novelty, but the thoughtfulness behind the writing. It is a mature book, nearer a true profundity than any of this author's previous work.

There is always an impact in Miss Kay Boyle's writing, whether in short stories or, as now, in a short novel. 1939 (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) is, in a purely physical sense, a little book, but its implications are wide. It is the story of a Frenchwoman, the daughter and the wife of French army officers, who leaves her husband for a young Austrian ski instructor, and lives with him in a mountain village in the French Alps, till the beginning of the war. She is an intransigent loyalist, but tragically loyal to him, too. He is an opportunist, a man who studies every situation to see how it may best be used to his advantage. Their problem in 1939 is obvious, but this is not an obvious piece of work.

FLOOD CREST (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is an exciting novel. Exciting because of its subject, which is the flooding of a part of the Mississippi valley, and exciting in its telling. Mr. Hodding Carter has a way of racing the reader along through violences and brutalities, through chicaneries and political cynicism, and from climax to successive climax till his tale is told, and the reader is left, slightly breathless but full of admiration, at the last page.

Mr. William Goldman has written an untidy, sometimes sordid and generally aggressive novel about a young writer from the East End called Harry Levko, who changes his first name to Vincent, because he sees a similarity between his troubles and the struggles of Van Gogh. He has been in love, lost his girl, and spends his time with an irritating couple called Hubert and Jasmine. While waiting for the time when his original writing will bring him money and fame, he arranges to "ghost" a book about medical life, and for this, too, he has high hopes.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD (Art and Educational. 10s. 6d.) is not an easy book to read, but it has one good point: its courageous attempt to be entirely objective about the egotistical central character. On this, although it doesn't completely succeed, Mr. Goldman is to be congratulated.

THERE'S A HORSE IN MY TREE (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) is the kind of title that gives one a pretty fair idea of the manner of a novel, even if one still has to find out about the contents for oneself.

The two authors of this entertainment, for so it is, are Mr. Noel Langley and Miss Hazel Pynegar. I would judge them both to be sophisticates of a high, and not of a frivolous order; able to laugh at the foibles of the young and relish the foibles of the elderly; with more than a pinch of wit apiece.

One of the better thriller titles lately, I hold to be DEATH TAKES SMALL BITES (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), a line so macabre in itself that it either puts one off the book completely, in which case this type of fiction is altogether beyond one, or, as is more likely, it whets the appetite for horrors and chills to come.

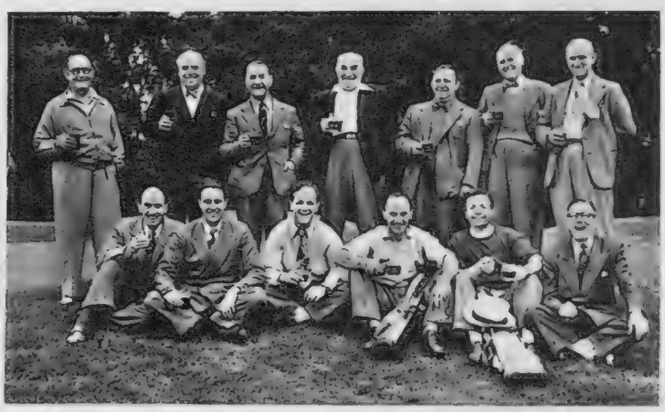
I chose the second course and found Mr. George H. Johnston's novel something more than adequate, occasionally horrifying in descriptions and generally satisfactory to the avid palate of murder-story fans. The setting is the Burma Road in its present overgrown but, according to the author, not deserted state. A beautiful American girl, born in China and a far less beautiful American man, apparently born at a typewriter, are the chief protagonists, and they have a series of noises off, provided by murderous Tibetans and the like, to stimulate them to action.

BRADMAN (Harrap. 9s. 6d.) is a friendly biography by Mr. A. G. Moyes, who has himself been a cricketer of note, knows the great Don very well, and is a leading Australian sports writer. His book is particularly valuable since he has not only followed the record of Australia's captain on paper but has for years seen him in action.

Walter Hammond's CRICKET MY WORLD (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.) is a book to cherish even more—or am I being insular? But there is such a crispness and, not unnaturally, such an authority in the writing of England's great captain that makes this book as important as it is typical.

Hammond writes of matches and of players, of disappointments and triumphs, and of techniques, and throughout the book keeps his imperturbable good humour.

THE ENGLISH GAME (Hollis and Carter. 10s. 6d.) is an anthology of cricket, compiled by Mr. Gerald Brodribb, and including such gems as Dickens's *Grand Match at Muggleton*, James Love's inimitable poem that opens with the line, "*Hail Cricket! Glorious, manly, British game!*" and extracts from the writings of Ian Hay, E. V. Lucas, Neville Cardus, W. G. Grace and other giants.



SAVAGES AND OPERA KINGS: A cheerful gathering at Wimbledon Park Golf Club when members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company met members of the Savage Club, the latter winning by 4 games to 3. Front row, left to right—Raymond Newell (Savage), Thomas Round (D'Oyly Carte), Charles Downing (D'Oyly Carte), Martyn Green (D'Oyly Carte), Billy Lennard (Savage), and Ian McLean (Savage). Back row—Julian Mitchell (Savage), Richard Walker (D'Oyly Carte), Jerry Verno (Savage), Darrell Fancourt (D'Oyly Carte), Trefor Jones (Savage), Hugh R. Jones (D'Oyly Carte), Harold Williams (Savage)

HENRY JAMES SURVIVES THE YEARS

The Reappearance of "The Tragic Muse"

How readable to-day is Henry James? Not so long ago he was extolled as a modern of the moderns, reverentially exact in his transcription of contemporary life, in his portrayal of people each belonging unmistakably to a class, adhering to some social code. Through these limiting factors, against the background of seemingly artificial conditions, the novelist somehow succeeded in revealing the power and the tragedy of life, perhaps because he was essentially human and because the oft-repeated charge that he cared most for the technique of his art, and the mask of convention, simply is not true. At any rate, to re-read THE TRAGIC MUSE (Rupert Hart-Davis. 15s.), all 600 pages of it, will strike many as being a thoroughly satisfying experience. The characters whom Henry James portrays in this first long novel to deal almost entirely with English people, the people of the land of his adoption, belong to the 1890's, and in a measure they are bound within the rigid framework of class. The novel is, however, no Victorian period piece. The conflict between the girl, the tragic muse, and her less Bohemian contemporaries destined for the more mundane paths of politics and diplomacy, is very real and, of course, the characterisation is superb. We cannot fail to mark the skill with which the author presents the varying facets of those characters. The style is as engaging as ever, and that slightly pontifical manner is not without a certain charm.

Two more great Victorians, Bulwer-Lytton and Rudyard Kipling, also command our attention. In the two latest additions to the English Novelists Series (Home and Van Thal. 6s.), the Earl of Lytton sums up the achievement of his ancestor BULWER-LYTTON and Rupert Croft-Cooke deals with the work of RUDYARD KIPLING. Both books are first rate in their biographical detail, but perhaps in his summing-up Earl Lytton tends to overlook some of the well-known Bulwer-Lytton shortcomings, a deficiency in characterisation, a frequent approach to the maudlin through over-sentimentality. Rupert Croft-Cooke is on the defensive when he concludes with a vigorous championship of Kipling upon whom posterity, he indicates, has been inclined to plant the Fascist brand. Kipling has suffered from arbitrary labelling, Mr. Croft-Cooke declares, "he did the job for which he was fitted, the noble and eternal job of telling a good story."

Some may feel that for the moment we have had our fill of Richard Jefferies, although perhaps that is not quite the way to regard one of our greatest naturalists, a writer whose fame has been so late in coming, whose recognition so tardy and so obviously deserved. However, the fact remains that the Jefferies cult is receiving an inordinate amount of attention in the publishing world. The latest publication is THE NATURE DIARIES AND NOTEBOOKS OF RICHARD JEFFERIES, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Samuel J. Looker (Grey Walls Press. 12s. 6d.). This is the first full transcription of Jefferies' field diaries, the raw material of his fuller works, and it is much to be doubted if it has any wide appeal at all. A few passages are memorable, notably a detailed account of a battle to the death between a robber wasp and his victim, a large blue fly. Here is Jefferies' observance of nature at its remarkable best. The diaries also reveal his strict mental integrity, his searching after truth, what he called his dream of Ideality, but they are hopelessly disjointed and certainly not calculated to further the reputation of one who had the capacity to record what he saw and felt in glowing, graceful prose.

A book that would have appealed strongly to the mind of Jefferies is CRAFTS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE (Longmans. 10s. 6d.), by E. J. Stowe. A score or more of rural crafts, including thatching, hurdle-making and hedging, are described in detail and with such clarity that the reader may almost feel he is an eye-witness in forge or field.

LAKELAND SCENE (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is a series of essays presenting a varied picture of the Lake Country, a real insight into the traditions and life of the people whose homes are among the fells. Mary Rose Fitz Gibbon has collected these essays, and has brought together an imposing array of specialist writers.

Among the Reprints. Compton-Burnett's novel ELDERS AND BETTERS (Victor Gollancz. 5s.) now appears in a first cheap edition. The author is one of the few witty writers in contemporary English letters, and the tonic qualities of her writing are obvious. At the other end of the scale is THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT DIE (Victor Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), a reprint of Julia de Beausobre's tragic tale of personal experiences in G.P.U. prisons and prison camps. Pervading all is the remarkable spirit of a woman who knew the depths of cruelty and oppression.

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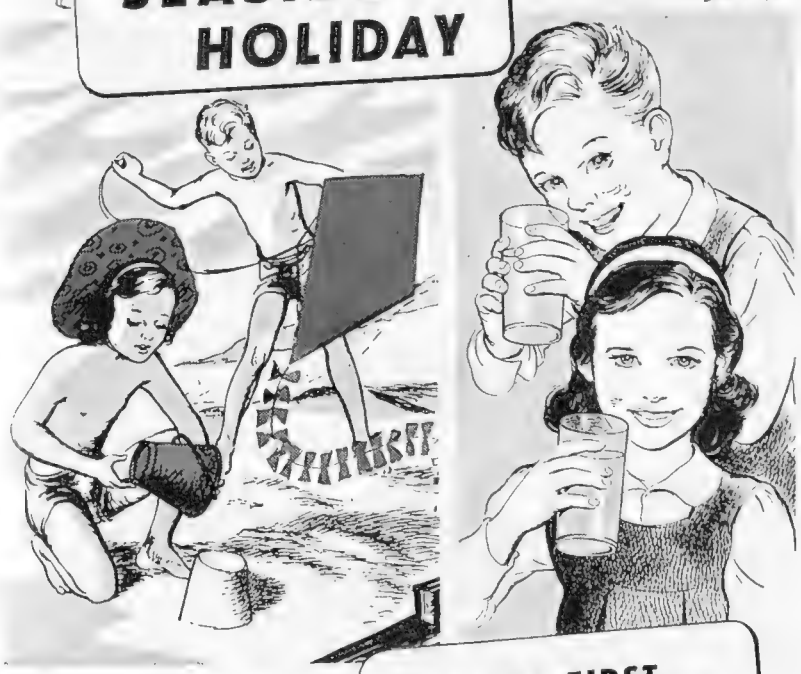

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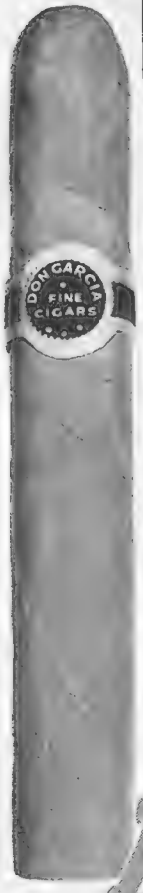

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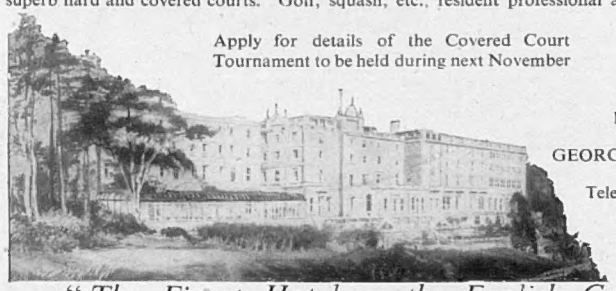

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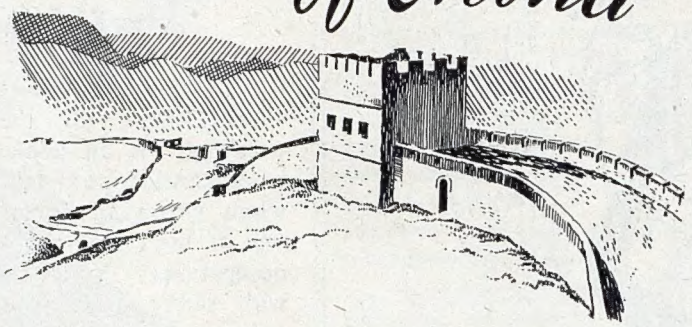

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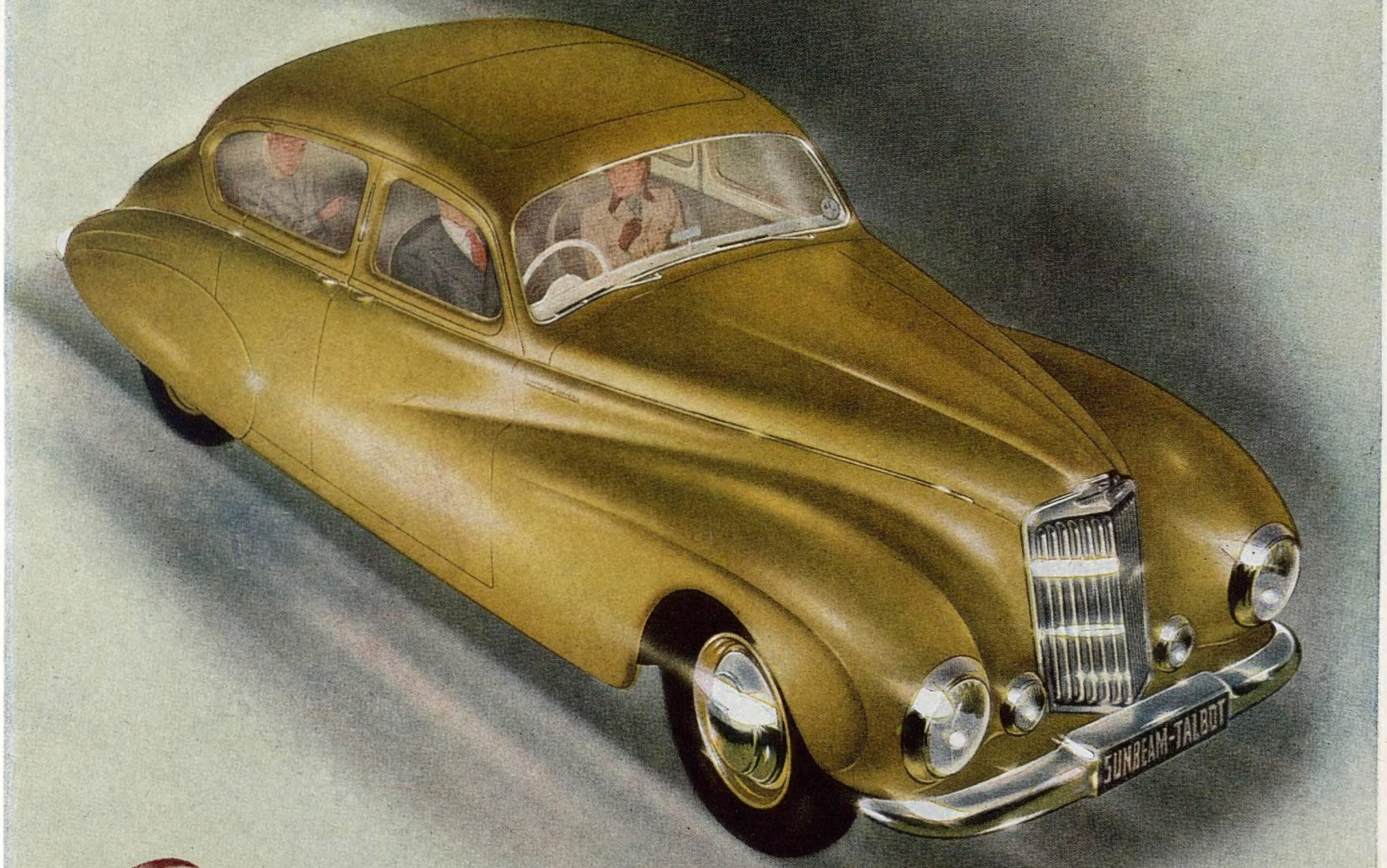

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As the sun sets behind the Castle and the mist comes creeping up from the Forth, the Palace of Holyrood-house nestling at the foot of Arthur's seat melts into the shades of evening and Edinburgh becomes the fittest setting for romance in all this romantic land. The proud heart of Midlothian stills for a moment to catch the echo of a wild pibroch, the clash of claymore upon targe, the ghostly tramp of clansmen and King's men, the whisper and rustle of lace and kilt and tartan. For this way passed many of the builders of Scotland's greatness.

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